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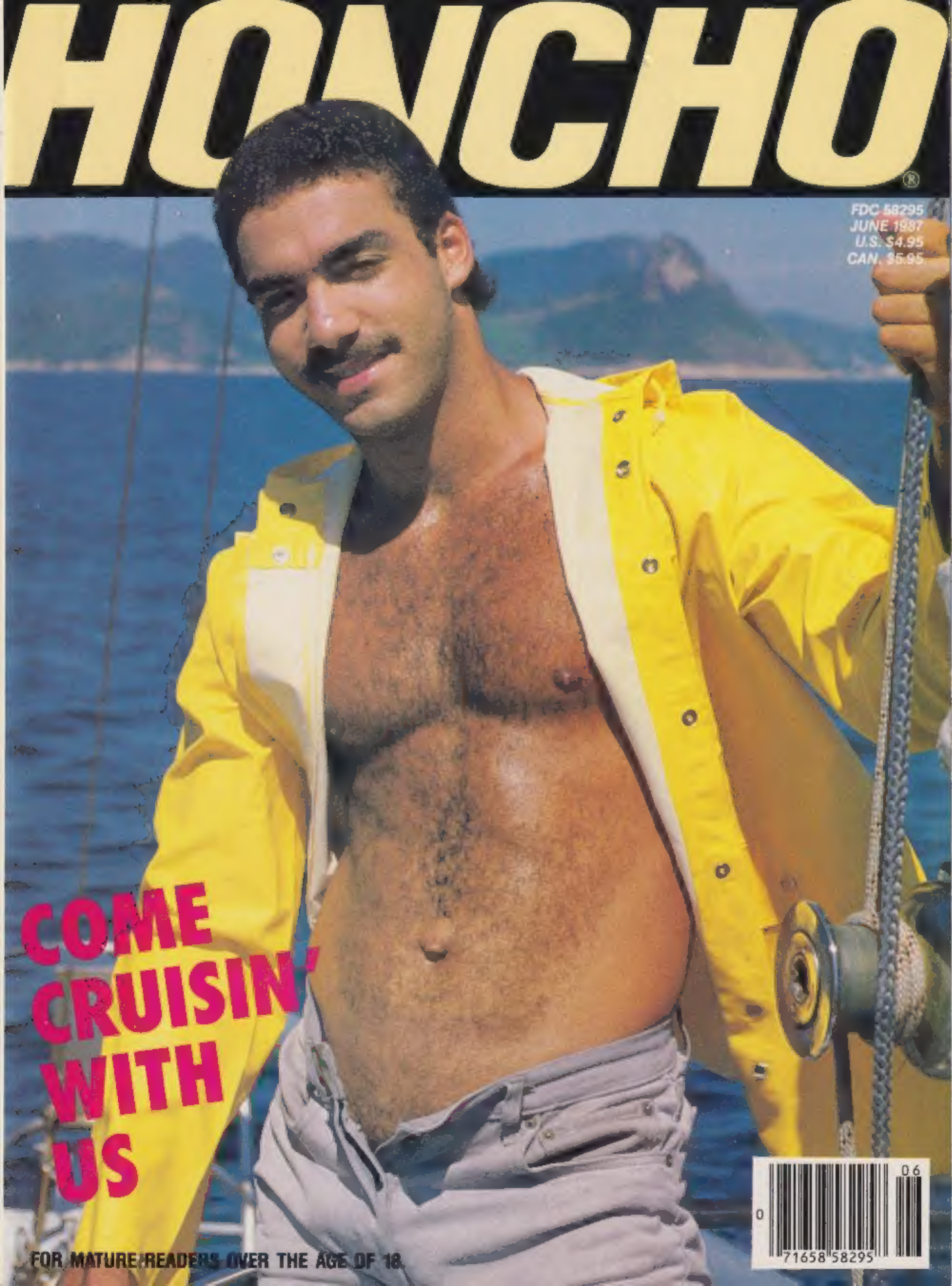

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HONCHO

JUNE 1987
VOLUME 10 NUMBER 6

COVER PHOTO BY KRISTEN BJORN

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STAFF

PUBLISHER / GEORGE MAVETY
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CIRCULATION MANAGER / C. DEDERICK
SALES MANAGER / ROBERT DE LA HABA

Advertising Director, New York Office:
Allen Stone (212) 691-7700

D.B.A., Inc.
7985 Santa Monica Blvd., Suite 109/119
West Hollywood, Ca. 90046
(213) 969-8034

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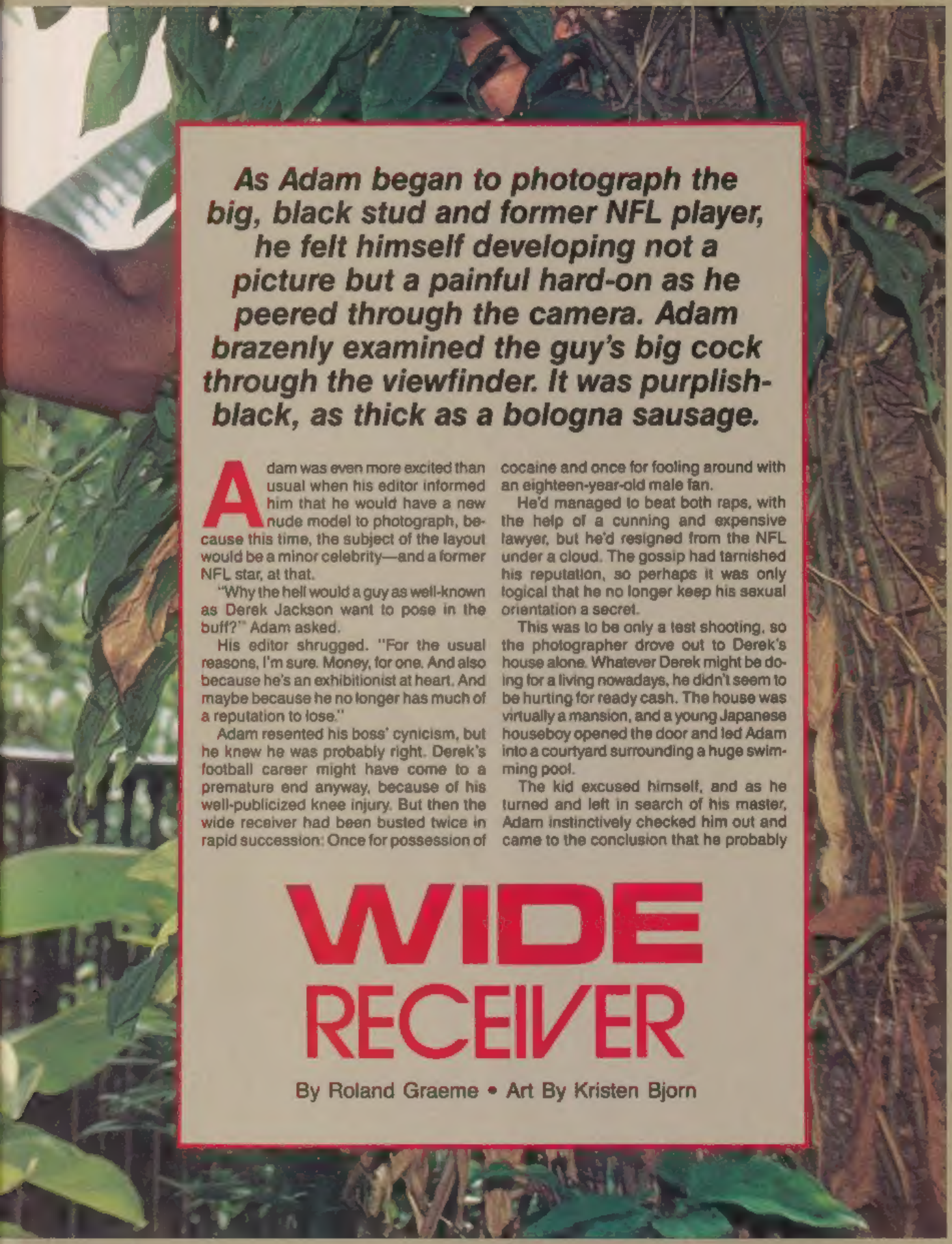

As Adam began to photograph the big, black stud and former NFL player, he felt himself developing not a picture but a painful hard-on as he peered through the camera. Adam brazenly examined the guy's big cock through the viewfinder. It was purplish-black, as thick as a bologna sausage.

Adam was even more excited than usual when his editor informed him that he would have a new nude model to photograph, because this time, the subject of the layout would be a minor celebrity—and a former NFL star, at that.

"Why the hell would a guy as well-known as Derek Jackson want to pose in the buff?" Adam asked.

His editor shrugged. "For the usual reasons, I'm sure. Money, for one. And also because he's an exhibitionist at heart. And maybe because he no longer has much of a reputation to lose."

Adam resented his boss' cynicism, but he knew he was probably right. Derek's football career might have come to a premature end anyway, because of his well-publicized knee injury. But then the wide receiver had been busted twice in rapid succession: Once for possession of cocaine and once for fooling around with an eighteen-year-old male fan.

He'd managed to beat both raps, with the help of a cunning and expensive lawyer, but he'd resigned from the NFL under a cloud. The gossip had tarnished his reputation, so perhaps it was only logical that he no longer keep his sexual orientation a secret.

This was to be only a test shooting, so the photographer drove out to Derek's house alone. Whatever Derek might be doing for a living nowadays, he didn't seem to be hurting for ready cash. The house was virtually a mansion, and a young Japanese houseboy opened the door and led Adam into a courtyard surrounding a huge swimming pool.

The kid excused himself, and as he turned and left in search of his master, Adam instinctively checked him out and came to the conclusion that he probably

WIDE RECEIVER

By Roland Graeme • Art By Kristen Bjorn

Adam could feel his cockshaft pressing snugly against Derek's, both men's dicks surrounded by Hiroshi's hot ass. Adam shouted. "Wild, isn't it?" said Derek. "We've got to coordinate it. You fuck first, and while you're pulling back out, I'll shove mine up into his guts..."

serviced his employer in bed as well as out. The houseboy was short and slim but had broad shoulders, a heavy chest, and an erotically muscular backside—all of which were prominently displayed in tight jeans and T-shirt. He couldn't be a pure-blooded Oriental: his hair and moustache were dark-blond.

Adam was even more stimulated when the former football hero himself appeared—stripped to the waist. He had a torso of Herculean proportions, and Adam's mouth fell open as he gawked quite shamelessly at the massive pectoral muscles.

The houseboy hovered right behind him. Derek spoke privately with him for a moment; then the boy rather sullenly slipped away and closed the doors behind him.

"I told him to make himself scarce, that I'd wait on you myself," Derek explained with a knowing smile. "Hiroshi is a bit over-protective of me, so I thought it'd be best if you and I were alone, considering what you're here for."

The ice was broken, and Adam accepted Derek's offer of a drink, professionally studying every detail of his host's magnificent body over the rim of the glass. Derek's skin was so black that it seemed to throw off bluish highlights in the sunlight. His thick hair was coal-black, and he had a full, well-shaped mouth and luminous, dark eyes. Adam was a bit overwhelmed by the man's sheer bulk—so very different from the average male model who posed for the magazine—but he could see that, even off the football field, Derek carried himself lightly and moved with an athlete's grace.

He said as much, adding that Derek's solid physique would be an interesting change of pace for him—"to photograph, I mean," he added.

"But I'm not even in good shape," Derek protested. "If only I'd had a few more days' notice, I could've worked out extra hard in my gym here and tightened up some of this fucking flab." A worried look crossed his ruggedly handsome face as he probed his lean abdomen for signs of fat. But the only bulge Adam could detect was the one right below Derek's belt.

"I wouldn't worry too much about it," the photographer advised his subject with professional objectivity. "You're going to look just fine on film."

The other man began to relax a little, and Adam had little difficulty in getting him to strip the rest of the way. He watched eagerly as Derek shed his few clothes. Stark naked in the bright sunlight, he looked every bit as compelling as Adam had anticipated he would. Derek's body was solid but well-proportioned, and the charcoal skin looked as soft as black velvet.

Adam felt himself developing not a picture but a painful hard-on as he knelt on the terrace and peered through the viewfinder. Derek's flesh tone was so dark that it was difficult to get the exposure time right, and instead of concentrating on this technical problem, Adam caught himself brazenly examining the guy's big cock through the viewfinder. It was purplish-black, as thick as a bologna sausage, and Adam was intrigued by its shape and texture—and by the undeniable fact that Derek was starting to get a hard-on.

He took endless shots of Derek—on a chaise longue by the pool, massaging suntan oil all over his black body, splashing and frolicking in the pool like an oversized little boy, drying himself off with a shocking-pink towel, its color chosen for maximum contrast to his skin tone.

Then, quite matter-of-factly, Derek suggested that they go into his bedroom so he could pose for some "more suggestive" shots. He certainly didn't need much coaching: he writhed about on top of his satin sheets, first displaying his thick erection, then shamelessly fondling it, staring lustfully into the camera the whole while. He even raised his legs, spread his buttocks, and winked at Adam, who moved in close to capture the crack of his ass on film.

When Adam decided that they both needed a break, they went back to poolside, where Derek—still nude—rang a bell to summon Hiroshi. He ordered sandwiches and coffee to replenish their energy.

"Why don't you take off your clothes, too, Adam? It's hot, and maybe you'd like to swim." He didn't wait for Adam's answer. He moved in close and examined Adam's hard-on, first with his dark eyes, then with his big black hand. "Yeah, it's hot, all right." The black stud squeezed Adam's dick through his pants. "You'd better cool this fucking thing down before it explodes."

Adam didn't offer any resistance as Derek opened his fly, pulled out his cock and balls, and pulled the two of them together. He pressed Adam's dick between his hard thighs and squeezed them together, so that Adam's genitals were held against his own bull-like cock and balls. Adam could actually feel the other man's pulse beating rapidly against the highly sensitive underside of his penis.

"Sorry," Derek grunted, grinning down at Adam. "I'm not usually this much of a whore, but. . .well, posing for all those pictures, playing with myself with you watching and taking pictures of me. . .I started thinking about all of the guys who'd jerk off over those photos, and it got me hot. *You* got me hot, too. I haven't had that much sex lately, for obvious reasons. I've been trying to keep a low profile." He chuckled. "Becoming a nude centerfold is a hell of a way to do that!" He suddenly looked more serious. "Listen, Hiroshi hasn't gotten out all that much lately either. He's a good kid. Do you mind if he plays, too?"

Adam shook his head. "'Course not."

Derek softly called out Hiroshi's name, and the blond houseboy appeared out of nowhere. Adam realized that he must've been nearby watching them the whole time.

"Let's all get naked, men," Derek said bluntly.

Hiroshi immediately stripped, and, watching him with growing excitement, Adam undressed, too. Hiroshi's pale, olive-

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tinted flesh gleamed in the sunlight reflecting off the pool.

Derek became rather aggressive once Adam was naked. He pushed the photographer down onto the chaise longue and straddled Adam's legs. Adam's cock began to pound as he gazed up at the extraordinary physique towering over him. Derek smiled, obviously flattered by the raw hunger he read in Adam's eyes. Once again, Adam focused his attention on Derek's big cock, which jutted out from the man's groin taut and dark, with a network of tiny blue veins running through it and a thick sheath of foreskin barely containing the grossly swollen head. The sight of that meat made Adam's mouth water.

As Adam lay there naked on the chaise, Hiroshi, also nude and aroused, leaned over him and gently massaged his chest with both hands. The three of them couldn't have made a more striking combination, and Adam wished there was a fourth guy to take a picture of them. Adam's blond hair and tanned body, Hiroshi's boyish but utterly masculine physique and Oriental features, and Derek's velvety black skin and eerie physical perfection.

"All right, I can tell we're all horny," Derek snickered, reaching down to stroke Adam's penis again. "Are we going to just let nature take its course and have a free-for-all, or do either of you men want to try something in particular to start the ball rolling? I'm game for just about anything, Adam, and I know that Hiroshi is, too."

"I've got an idea, sir!" Hiroshi blurted out, as though his employer's mere mention of his name had set his erotic impulses into motion. His eyes hungrily devoured first Adam's body, then Derek's, focusing mainly on the size and obvious potency of the two men's exposed cocks. "I want you both to fuck me at once."

Derek laughed. "Greedy bastard."

"Is that possible?" Adam asked.

"Oh, sure," Derek told him. "He and I have pulled off the double-fuck routine with a third guy lots of times. He can stretch wide open, far enough to take two big dicks, easy. He's really amazing."

Encouraged by his master's praise, Hiroshi ran to stand in front of Derek, whose big body dwarfed him. He turned around and pressed his buttocks against the uplifted bulk of the football player's meat.

"You first, sir," Hiroshi instructed, as Derek put his arms around him and hugged him tightly under the chest. "Stretch my asshole wide open with your big stud prick!"

Derek obliged. He grabbed a tube of suntan oil and smeared it all over his cock. Once his fuck tool was thoroughly coated, he held it down at an angle, positioned it between Hiroshi's firm, round buns, and pushed forward. A sudden bucking of Hiroshi's sensuous ass swallowed up the first few inches of Derek's cock. Another eager backward thrust of his hips, and the boy had managed to take almost Derek's entire length.

"This is where it gets a little tricky, Adam," Derek gasped, looking at him over Hiroshi's shoulder. "Especially with my bad knee. Come on over here, man. Stand facing me and fuck him from the front."

The kinkiness of the double-fuck appealed to Adam, who jumped off the chaise and hurried to face Hiroshi, sandwiching the young, lithe body between Derek and himself.

Hiroshi raised both arms behind his head, locked his fingers together at the back of Derek's neck, and raised his legs high into the air. He stared into Adam's eyes. "Fuck me!" he gasped.

Glancing down, Adam could see Derek's cock sunk deep in Hiroshi's ass, the shaft splitting the young man's buttocks wide open. He greased up his own dick with the suntan oil, bent his knees slightly, and pressed his cockhead against Hiroshi's asshole. Straightening his legs automatically exerted a pressure, which helped to drive his dickhead into that asshole next to Derek's shaft. Hiroshi's sphincter muscle resisted at first, so Adam reached down, grabbed the boy's buttocks, and pried them apart. Slowly his dickhead was sucked up inside, then suddenly it slammed all the way in, and Adam could feel his cockshaft pressing snugly against Derek's, both men's dicks surrounded by Hiroshi's hot ass flesh.

"Jesus Christ!" Adam shouted.

"It's wild, isn't it?" said Derek. "We can't both thrust up into him at once, though. If we do, one of us is likely to slip out. We've got to coordinate it. You fuck first, and while you're pulling back out, I'll shove mine up into his guts."

Adam couldn't believe it. Hiroshi's legs were up over his shoulders, and the boy's asshole was stuffed with their cocks. Adam didn't see how his prick could move an inch inside that impossibly tight space, but when he thrust upward, on Derek's cue, he felt something give way, and Hiroshi took it, groaning and shuddering between the other two men. Adam began to fuck him, his dick rubbing against Derek's cockshaft, against the walls of Hiroshi's asshole. Derek fucked, too, his black prick pumping in and out and grinding roughly against Adam's tool.

"This has got to be the hottest fuck I've ever had!" Adam choked.

"Take him," Derek hissed, his lips drawn back from his teeth in a snarl, his body wet with sweat. "Fuck him up the ass! He loves it!"

Derek wasn't exaggerating: Hiroshi was already coming, his semen raining all over his belly and chest, stray drops slapping against Derek's brawny arms and some even hitting Adam's face. Coming like that, impaled on both men's pricks, only seemed to inflame the boy more.

"Fuck me," he moaned. "Oh, please, please go on fucking me, both of you! Both of you, fuck me until you come in my ass!"

Derek was the first to shoot. He gasped and bounced up and down on the balls of his feet, exactly as though he were reaching for a pass, as he drove his dick into Hiroshi's guts with so much force that he almost dislodged Adam's cock.

"Oh, shit!" was the only coherent outcry that Adam could make. Feeling his cock suddenly bathed in Derek's warm sperm, Adam shot spurt after spurt of jizm. Hiroshi couldn't contain it all, and the overflow dripped down onto the flagstones of the terrace. Then Hiroshi came again, his guttural cries mingling with Adam's and Derek's groans of satisfaction.

Pulling out of Hiroshi's ass was almost as difficult as inserting it had been. Adam had to wait until Derek's cock softened slightly before he could ease himself out of the trembling hole. "Are you all right?" he asked the houseboy, who indeed looked fucked-out.

"Of course. I've been in lots of threeways," Hiroshi retorted with relish. "Mr. Jackson often shares me with his friends."

Derek roused himself from his post-orgasmic stupor and suggested that they all go for a swim. After romping in the pool they dried off and, exhausted, passed out together in Derek's bed.

And then they fucked again. Hiroshi woke Adam up after a couple of hours, by sticking his hard cock up the photographer's willing butt. Derek watched them screw and jerked himself off almost to climax before joining in, shoving his dick down Hiroshi's throat and timing his orgasm so that he came in the boy's mouth when Hiroshi came in Adam's ass.

Next, Adam, who had been careful not to ejaculate while Hiroshi was screwing him, agreed to fuck Derek. The humpy football player stretched out on his back on the soiled and rumpled bed, and Adam knelt between his legs, which he held up high by the ankles, and pumped his ass with a vengeance.

It was hours before the libidos of the three horny men finally gave out. Overcome at last by their need for food and rest, they got cleaned up and dressed to go out for dinner.

Over coffee and dessert, Adam had little difficulty talking Hiroshi into posing for some pictures, too—alone and in bed with his boss. Adam knew that his editor would bitch about having to pay an extra model's fee, but as soon as he saw the photos, he'd shut up. ■

John stripped down fast and grabbed me around the waist, tackling me onto the bed. His roughness was fun at the bar, but in bed, it was gonna be my way or not at all.
"Hey, easy. I'm no joker in an alley, y'know. Take it slow and easy, John, and you can have anything you want..."

I LOVE YOU, SIR!

Written and Illustrated by Richard A. White

"Someone should *get* that bastard," somebody was always saying. The man they referred to was, naturally, our drill instructor, Sergeant Drover. He was also referred to as Rover, due to his pug-like mug. He wasn't really ugly, at least not to me, just mean. Because of the sandy-red hair that covered his armor-plated body, he was also called Red Rover.

Those were the *polite* names.

Chop-buster, fag-basher, mothuh-fuckah, and diesel-dyke were other favorites. However, since Sinclair, our resident Polish-Blond-Ahtlete-Stud, had begun calling Drover hate-bait, that was the name that was used most often. John Sinclair was, in all our minds, the man most likely to become an officer. We kidded him that the main reason the Marines would make him an officer was that he'd be a walking advertisement for recruitment. At six-foot-three, 220 pounds, with a power-packed hard-cut body, Sinclair was the archetypical man's man.

We'd ended up in this shit-kickin' southern military camp, both fresh from New York. We hadn't known each other there. Manhattan is huge for twenty-year-olds, and neither of us, since we lived with our families, had ever dared venture to the gay bars. Our sex was with neighborhood guys, or "straights" who wanted hot action. Arriving at the base, we both made eye contact within a week. One night much later, when the other bruisers were off at the strip joints, beer bars, and pinball parlors, Sinclair and I partied with one another at an out-of-the-way bar. It was the catch-all watering hole for the county's weirdos and whackos—and gays.

Inside, it was not so bad as one might think. The reigning dowager, Mamie-Mike, had style. A big TV and VCR at one end of the bar constantly played videos—some of them porno flicks, some of them homemade videos (drag balls, parties, bodybuilding contests), and a few edited portions of science fiction movies. Occasionally we saw a video of one of the local hunks stripping, and even beating off. Some of these were made without the hunk's knowledge: a local hooker would rent an upstairs room from Mamie-Mike, bring in a trick, and let the proprietress run a camera from behind the big one-way mirror over the bed.

Mamie-Mike was generous to these hookers. She'd give them the money back for the room if the video gave her a hard-on. She'd also pay them ten bucks every time the video showed at the bar. Needless to say, a few of our officer candidates ended up as stars. Mamie-Mike's ties with the base were discreet and profitable, so they never bothered her as long as she paid her dues. Her hotel and bar were a local institution. No straights ever wandered in. The doormen saw to that. All you needed was a membership card and five bucks to get in, but getting the card was tricky.

I found out about the place from word of mouth. Another gay man got me in one night, and Mamie-Mike ran her fingers through my black brush-cut and said "Oo-la-la, a Frenchman. Give him *two* cards—one for his friend. Frenchmen *always* have friends." She bought me my first drink and sat with me for a while.

It was this card that helped me land John Sinclair. One Friday, after parade dress, I showered and lay down on my cot to read a science fiction novel. He walked over to me and, dripping wet in his towel, sat at the

He rolled over on his side and slid down my body, licking as he went. This boy was good at what he put his mind to—like athletics, like survival maneuvers, like sucking cock.

end of my bunk. "C'mon, Sinclair," I complained, "drip on someone else's bed, for Chrissake!"

He grinned and sat on the bunk across from mine, which put him closer to my face than before. His legs were open, giving me a shot of his crotch. Dark-brown fur, still water-soaked, surrounded a short, fat cock and plump pink balls. He wiped his head and chest hair with another towel. I went back to my book. He wasn't going to sweep me off my feet that easily.

"Where you go on Friday's, Jerry? I never see you around," he said, staring at me.

"Around," I said, never looking up from my book. Like him, I'd only been there two months, but being a regular at Mamie-Mike's assured me of a place to go on the weekends. My aloofness with Sinclair was typical of my attitude towards most of the lugs on the base. "C'mon, you don't fool me. Who's the guy you're goin' off to fuck every Friday?" he grinned, hoping to shock me.

I never looked up from Isaac Asimov. "What makes you think it's just *one*, stud?"

He laughed and threw his towel at my book and looked around the empty barracks. "Look, those other jerks are at the joints. Where you goin'? Take me with you, huh?" He stood, hands on hips.

I finally faced him. "No. It's a private club. They don't like your type in there. Besides, you'd need a card." I went back to my book.

He dropped his towel, pulled my book away from me, and sat his wet butt on my chest. "I'm gonna be more trouble to you if you don't take me than if you do. Gay place?" He grinned, holding me down.

"Sorta," I said, trying hard to seem unperturbed by his weight on my chest. I stared straight at his eyes, not giving him the compliment of eyeing his cock. "*All* sorts go. There's a bar, a dee-jay, and a dance floor. It's not Manhattan, but it's fun and people know you, and they also leave you alone. You're *not* going with me!" I waited for his reaction.

Holding my arms down on my pillow, he scooted his furry pork up to my face. "Why not? Who's your date? Rover?"

I laughed. "That wouldn't be such a bad idea, with that tank-like body of his. I wouldn't say no. He's mean but he's a hunk."

Sinclair looked really angry. "He's a scumbag. How can you think he's hot? He's a pig, a shit-eater!"

"So far, you haven't said anything that'd turn me off," I chuckled.

Then Sinclair bent over and dove his tongue into my mouth, a hard, angry thrust that was more to shut me up than to turn me on. It did both. I wanted him.

He sat up again, reaching behind himself for my crotch. He grabbed my thickening cock and flashed his perfect white teeth and his bright-blue eyes. "Got-cha, huh? You're almost hard already. I knew you had a good piece down there, fuckin' cocky bastard that you are."

He squeezed my cock into full eight-inch hardness. I tried sitting up, but his other arm pinned me, and his fat sausage was starting to swell.

"So, we got a date? Whaddya say?" he hissed, squeezing harder on my cock.

I had no choice. I gave in to what I already wanted. I raised my head just enough to lick the underside of his hog. He wasn't so large, but it was a beauty of a hard-on. He scrunched his soapy-smelling balls into my face and let me suck the whole length of his hambone down my throat. Then he rose off my chest and I could see the fringe of hair along his ass crack. His football-player thighs swayed over me as I slid his dong down my gullet. He stroked my cock under my pants, squeezing when he got to the helmet at the top. Once his cock was soaked with spit, he unzipped me and took out my throbber.

I let his cock plop out of my mouth and hissed, "Hey, we're in the barracks, remember? We can fuck later. Upstairs at this place they have rooms."

"Mamie-Mikes? I've heard of that. Supposed to be a real pit."

"Then don't come." I said quickly, reaching to put my cock back in my pants.

"You ain't goin' without me. We got somethin' to finish." I smiled as he peeled himself off me. He toweled dry and quickly dressed.

I took him to Mamie's. Not only was he not trouble, he was fun. We drank, danced, cruised, watched videos, and laughed and laughed and laughed. He was nonstop chatter and jokes, as if he'd never been on a date with a man before. He told me later he hadn't. He'd done guys in cars and alleys, gotten sucked off in johns, but never had he been out with someone. I was actually charmed by this hulking buffalo's innocence.

The videos got him horny as hell, especially when it was a homemade one with an officer in it. One had a big bruiser being fucked by a hooker with a dildo strapped to her garter belt. He went wild for it, rocking about with laughter and a hard-on.

"Yeah, give it to him, bitch. Fuck that pig!" Sinclair hooted, much to the amusement of the other patrons at the bar, including Mamie-Mike. She gave me an approving nod from her appointed throne at the bar, under an amber spotlight, then raised her drink in toast to us. She bought us the next two rounds, and she even replayed the dildo video.

When John felt he'd had enough, I asked Mamie how much a room would be. She waved her chandelier bracelet and grinned drunkenly. "It's on the house, honey. Sort of a welcoming party for your friend."

I thanked her, and John and I discreetly took a side door and the back stairs to a room. We wouldn't want to be seen by the straight MP's and their hookers. The room had a mirrored wall, a small sink, a big clean bed, and a bright-colored globe in the center of the ceiling for "mood" lighting. Towels were placed on a side table, as were glasses and an ice bucket. A phone call brought scotch.

John stripped down fast and grabbed me around the waist, tackling me onto the

Continued to page 21

MAN'S BEST FRIEND

Wrong! It's not the dog.

Section photographed by
Robert Laliberte

MAN'S BEST FRIEND

Though undeniably cute and cuddly, the canine can't meet all of his owner's needs.

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I slowly slid into him. He saw us in the mirror and paused, watching me slide into him. "Oh yeah, look at us. Yeah, Babe, slam that monster up my ass." He was dazzled by his own reflection, then watching my cock go up his ass. "Look at that big fuckin' cock of yours. Shove it up there. Get it in me. Yeah, look at that pretty fuckin' ass of mine!"

I LOVE YOU, SIR!

Continued from page 3

bed. His roughness was fun at the bar, but in bed, it was gonna be *my* way or not at all.

"Hey, easy. I'm no joker in an alley, y'know. Take it slow and easy, John, and you can have anything you want." I smiled up at him.

"Okay, Babe, we'll do it your way—this time." He bent to kiss me, his full wet lips still reeking of scotch. His tongue slid into my mouth real slow, and he hugged me to his chest.

His big legs were so heavy, they stopped the circulation in my thighs. I thought the "pins-and-needles" feeling was lust until I tried to move them. He rolled over on his side and slid down my body, licking as he went. This boy was good at what he put his mind to—like athletics, like survival maneuvers, like sucking cock. He gobbled my cock and kneaded my butt, his thumb was working its way into my hole. Oh no, I thought, not tonight you don't—and squeezed my ass shut.

Watching his reaction to that dildo film, I knew what he *really* wanted, and I was gonna give it to him. I rolled him over onto his belly, telling him I was going to rub his back. What I *didn't* tell him was I wanted to do it from the inside. He sighed and moaned and raised those muscle-plated mounds up and down, real slow and easy. Every time they'd rise, the dark fur inside his cleft would beckon me.

I lowered my face and his shimmering wet pucker opened to my tongue. He raised his ass and threw a pillow under so he'd be poised higher and wider. This stud knew what he wanted! I sucked hard at his hole, and his thick legs spread wide to let me in.

"More, Baby, more! Jesus, that's fuckin' *good*! Eat me! Eat me! Get the fuck in there and suck my hole!"

I watched myself in the mirror above us. I was pleased at the body the military training had given me, but there was one thing I supplied myself: the big fat cock I was about to shove up John's ass. I spit on my hand and rubbed it into John's hole. He moaned and seemed not to notice it was my cock, not my tongue, in his shitter.

"Mmm, lick me, Babe."

I slowly slid into him. He was suddenly aware of what I was doing and raised his head to protest. Then he saw us in the mirror and paused, watching me slide into him.

"Oh, yeah, look at us. Yeah, Babe, slam that monster up my ass. Fill me up with your cum." He was dazzled by his own reflection, then watching my cock go up his ass. "Look at that big fuckin' cock of yours. Shove it up there. Get it in me. Yeah, look at that pretty fuckin' ass of mine."

I plowed deep into his guts, slamming in and out to get my juices flowing.

"Jesus! Fuckin' big dick! Jesus, gimme it! I love watchin' you fuck the livin' shit outa my hole!" he yelled, and thrust his butt up to meet my strokes.

I pulled him up onto his knees and rode him like a dog. I shot a huge load up into him, but I wasn't stopping. He'd give out before I would.

"Yeah, baby, gimme that load! Keep fuckin' me and squirt that juice outa my throat! Ram it up there! Yeah!"

I kept riding him, slapping his hairy mounds and reaching under him for his cock. He bent upwards, still on his knees, and leaned back into my arms. He watched us in the mirror and spread his legs wide. He watched my balls slap against his, as I deluged his guts with cum. I ripped at his tits as he furiously whipped his meat. His fat little cock was bloated and ready to fire, so I stepped up the thrusting.

"Oh, Baby, I'm gonna shoot all over the mirror. Fuck me. . fuck that man's pussy gimme your big cock . fuck my butt!"

His words shocked me, but he was so drunk, so hot, so carried away, I don't think even he knew what he was saying.

"Yeah!" he screamed, and ropes of spunk blasted out of his hog and splattered against the mirrored wall. I shot again inside him. My second load was so violent that I knocked John forward, almost banging his head on the mirror. I came gobs and gobs, pulling out of him for the last, letting it fly onto the mirror with his.

"Eat it!" I growled. "Eat us off that fuckin' mirror!"

"Yessir," he whispered. "I *want* it fuckin' ripe cum outa my man's cock."

He squatted into the mirror and licked it clean, the backs of his thighs runny with cum, sweat, and ass-juice. Looking straight into the glass, at my reflection, he said over and over, "I love you sir. I love my man's cum. I love his cum up my ass and on my tongue. I love you, sir."

As I drained the last drops out of my cock, I heard a faint thud behind the mirrored wall. So I had paid for the room after all. John seemed not to notice, lost in the reverie of licking vanilla pudding off the mirror. We both passed out, spent, drunk, and exhausted. Our leave was until tomorrow, so we could sleep late.

By the time we got back to the barracks, it was noon. Drover had given word that our

Continued to page 28

WILD AND UNCUT MAN

BY RICK ADAMS • ART BY MATT

The guy was fuckin' crazy!

Roaring all over the campsite on his motorcycle. Nothing on but his underwear. Cutting a deep trail wherever he went and raising dust to the sky.

I paused from what I was doing in front of my tent and looked at him over my shoulder. This wild bastard didn't give a fuck what other people in the campsite thought or did. He just raced by, looking out at them from behind his mirrored sunglasses, and left them coughing and choking

He didn't mind his cock getting half-hard in the shower, and he didn't seem to give a fuck that I was staring at him. He just looked over at me after he shut the water off and said, "How're ya doin', man?" Then he left.

on his dust.

'What a maniac! ' the mother next to me was saying, as she rushed her pair of kids inside her camper and slammed the doors shut tight

"What the hell's the matter with this guy?" the father was saying as he stepped forward a few paces to keep an eye on him.

I couldn't help but smile. He was the cockiest sonofabitch I'd ever seen He just didn't give a shit about anybody, I thought

I'd seen him that morning for the first time. I was just crawling out of my tent when he went strutting by on his way to the restrooms, wearing almost nothing and looking like he liked it that way. He was a big brawny bastard with thick hair all over his chest and belly, and even on his back

Without thinking, I had grabbed my things and followed him into the men's room Most men did their shaving and stuff in their underwear or with a towel wrapped around them, but not this fuckin' guy. He yanked off his shorts as soon as he was inside and paraded around bare-ass naked the whole time

And I could see why! Between his legs a thick fuckin' horse-cock hung real low. It was covered with loose—the tip included—skin and it flopped all over the place as he strutted around

I followed him into the shower and turned on the tap next to his. He stood with his head back letting the water splash on his face and bare chest He let out a howl and pulled on his dick I couldn't help but stare at him

He didn't mind his cock getting half-hard when he washed it off, and he didn't seem to give a fuck that I was staring at him. He just looked over at me after he shut the water off and said, "How're ya doin', man?" Then he left

Now I was watching him cut around a corner on his motorcycle, causing a couple of strollers to jump back in fright. He circled around and came back in my direction again. I was just standing watching him, my legs apart and my arms folded across my chest. As he zoomed by, his head turned toward me, and I thought he must have nodded But I really wasn't sure.

Then he stopped suddenly, pulled around in a tight circle, and headed straight toward me. He pulled up right in front of me, dust flying all over the fuckin' place, and I squinted at him through the haze.

"Aw fuck, a tent! That's great, man!" He stuck out his long bare leg to anchor himself as the back of his bike whipped around in a half-circle

"Yeah," I said, "not too many of us left—tenters, I mean." We practically had to shout at each other over the noise of his engine

He leaned back on his seat and folded his arms across his brawny chest "I just sleep out under the stars myself. It's fuckin' natural, man!" He scratched at his beard, then scratched at the mound in his shorts.

I could feel the throbbing between my legs. I wished like hell that I was wearing something more than flimsy jogging shorts—something to hold my cock in.

"Wanna go for a dip?" he asked

"What?" My head was a bit foggy

"A dip—in the lake, man."

"Oh, sure. Great When?"

"How about now? Jump on." He motioned with his head to the back of his bike.

"Just a minute. I'll just grab my swimsuit"

"Aw, fuck the suit. I haven't got one. Come on, jump on!"

I looked around. All the people from the campers were staring at us. I guess they'd heard everything we'd said, and half of them probably noticed the long rod poking off to the side in my shorts. Suddenly I felt like telling them all to fuck off and mind their own fuckin' business.

"Okay!" I said, and jumped onto the seat behind him. "What's your name anyway?"

"Bob."

"Mine's Tim."

As I spread my knees around his legs and settled onto the seat, the pressure made my cock stiffen up against my belly

"Hang onto me, Tim," he called back. "Don't want you falling off. I'm a bit wild on this thing"

I grabbed onto his waist and we peeled off in a cloud of dust. I was hanging on for my Jesus-lovin' life, but all I could think about was that I would be fuckin' lucky if he didn't toss me off on purpose for having my hard dick pressed into his back

We bounced and pounded over a rough-cut trail toward the lake. People were swimming and sunbathing on their beach towels, but when we got to them Bob roared right by, cutting through their quiet. We stopped farther up, where the grass grew right down to the water's edge and pieces of rock stuck out for the waves to crash against I jumped off the bike, and Bob stood it up in the grass, then sauntered off a few yards and looked around. "Fuck, this is more like it!"

Without any warning, he yanked his huge horsecock out of his shorts and let it flop low in front of him. He reached down and peeled the skin back a bit so that the tip peeked out He pissed into the grass impatiently, shifting his weight from one leg to the other like he was anxious to get it out and over with "Get your pants off man," he told me, "and we'll take a swim "

I was aware of my cock arching out in front of me as I stepped out of my shorts, but there was something else gnawing at me, too. I'd always thought I had a real nice cock, but next to Bob's it looked too sleek, too trim, too neatly cut I felt so goddamned civilized I began to wonder if he was going to like it.

But I was hoping like hell he would. I couldn't keep my eyes off the bastard, and in spite of my trying to stop it, my heart was pumping more blood into my stiffening boner.

"Hey, man, looks like I'm turning you on. Am I?"

Any doubts I had had about him up to then quickly vanished "You sure as hell are," I said

"Come on over here and suck on my cock."

His steely gaze drew me to him. I knelt in front of him and spread my knees around his legs, then grabbed a fistful of spongy skin. I squeezed it hard and watched the cockhead bulge and strain underneath His cock lengthened and stiffened in my hand, and the skin slowly rolled back over

"It's dark now," Bob said. "Lay those blankets out on the grass by the fire." "That's what we sleep on?" "That's what I fuck you on," he answered, looking me straight in the eye.

the head only a few inches from my face. I closed my lips over the knob, but his cock was so fuckin' enormous, I couldn't get much more than the head inside my mouth

I grabbed onto the shaft with both my fists and began to squeeze and rub as hard as I could, sucking on that big knob till it shot its load of jizz into my throat. I swallowed every bit of it. Then Bob pulled my head back away from his cock and looked down at me.

"Come on, man, let's go for that swim," he said

After we got out of the water, we lay naked in the grass and soaked up the sun. I felt I was closer to nature than I'd ever been in my life.

A while later, Bob looked over at me. "Tim," he said, "come on, man. Suck on my dick some more."

I reached out to the thick blob resting between his thighs and although I sucked on it for a long time, he wouldn't let me suck his juice out. And he wouldn't let me touch my own cock either, even though it was crazy-hard and dying to shoot. "I want you horny for later on," he said.

I sucked him over and over that afternoon, but he would never let me finish him off. And every time I reached for my own cock, he would grab my hands away. 'Leave that fuckin' thing alone!" he kept telling me.

The guy was driving me fuckin' wild! I couldn't figure him out.

When the sun began to get low, we pulled on our shorts, jumped on Bob's bike, and headed back to his campsite. It was a piece away from the others and hidden by trees and bushes. We made a fire, cooked and ate.

I made several grabs at the big mound in Bob's shorts, but he put me off every time. "Fuck off," he kept telling me, "I'm gonna get you later." His eyes would glare deep into mine, and I was never quite sure what he was up to.

"It's dark now," Bob said after awhile. "Lay those blankets out on the grass beside the fire."

"That's what we sleep on?"

He stopped and stared straight into my eyes. "That's what I fuck you on."

He stripped us both, then pushed me down in front of him and let me peel the skin back off his bulging knob with my lips and tongue. When his cockhead was good and wet, he grabbed a fistful of my hair and yanked my head back.

"Get down on your hands and knees, man. I'm gonna stick my fuckin' cock up your ass!"

I did as he said, and I felt him squatting behind me with his knees spread around my thighs. His cock was pushing into my ass crack, searching for my hole.

I pushed back against his slippery cockhead. "Oh, yeah!" I cried when he found the mark. "Fuck me, Bob! Fuck my ass, man!"

He had to work his knob around the opening for a few minutes to loosen it up. He was too fuckin' big to just slip right in. At last, he began to stretch my asshole around his massive meat.

He fucked me slowly at first, then gradually increased his pace until he was stabbing into me wildly. I reached for my cock and began to beat it as hard as I could, but Bob grabbed my wrist and yanked it away. "Not yet, you fuckin' bastard. I'm not done with you." Then he resumed his furious stabbing.

Suddenly he stopped.

"Lie down, man. Let's get some sleep!"

"*What!*"

My cock was wild to cum, and I was sure he hadn't shot his load in my ass. But he pulled me down so that we both lay on our sides. His big piece was still stuck inside me, and he put a heavy arm over my waist and held me so that I couldn't grab my dick.

I couldn't fuckin' believe it! And I couldn't fuckin' believe the throbbing between my legs.

But Bob lay very still, and after awhile I heard the heavy, regular breathing of deep sleep. I listened for a long time and at last I began to relax. Even though I was horny as hell, it was kind of soothing to be lying outside in the night air in the arms of a wild man like Bob, with his stiff cock nestled in my asshole.

I drifted off to sleep, and the next thing I remember, Bob was pulling me up to my hands and knees again and fucking me some more. This time I didn't know what to expect, so I just let him do whatever the hell he wanted to. It turned out to be a repeat of the last time. He fucked me furiously, then pulled me back down for some more sleep with his cock still hard.

He woke me up over and over that night, fucking me for a while each time. My cock would be ready to burst by the time he'd insist on another nap, and after awhile my knob just constantly ached to come and my balls just constantly churned around between my legs. My whole body tensed up every time he fucked me, like it was straining with all its might to shoot the juice out of my cock.

And finally it did. It was just beginning to get light, and Bob had his dick pounding into my asshole again. He was bent over me so that as he fucked, the hair on his chest rubbed back and forth along my back. I was resting on my elbows, and he had reached under me and was holding both my wrists in his fists.

I felt my dick fill up with blood as Bob's thick horsecock slid in and out of me. Then Bob reached down and circled my cock lightly and pumped back and forth a few times. I knew I was going to fuckin' shoot my load.

Bob pounded into me, my cock swelled, and my whole body shook and trembled. The cum streamed up through my cock and burst free at last—shot after shot after shot. My asshole grabbed hard on Bob's cock and I felt him begin to shoot his juice into me as well. He shot for a long time, then slowly sagged and pulled back and out of me.

"That felt so fuckin' *good*, man!"

"Yeah," I agreed, turning over and grinning at him. "Sure was one helt of a wild night. Wanna go camping again sometime?"

"Not a bad idea. But leave your tent at home next weekend. I don't think we'll be needing it."■

I LOVE YOU, SIR!

Continued from page 21

class was to be in parade dress by one o'clock. John was furious. He was still walking bow-legged from last night, and he was in no mood for marching. We dressed and were on the field, but John was too sore to maintain the pace.

"Hey, Sinclair, what's with you draggin' your pussy, huh?" bellowed Drover. His baton in hand, his wide-brimmed D.I. hat low to his brow, he was the embodiment of menace! "You get a cock up your ass last night? 'Zat why you can't walk straight? What is it, faggot? Keep pace!"

John was enraged and mortified. His stud myth was one thing that was inviolate to him. He'd kill Drover for this. Or worse.

Next night, Saturday, John claimed to be "not well," still sore from fucking. So I went to Mamie-Mike's alone. It was really hopping, and the hours sped by while I danced, drank, and wondered if the missing Mamie-Mike was viewing John's and my video from last night. It thinned out earlier than usual, so I left, rather than be the last hanger-on to stagger out.

I walked back to the base by a dirt road that served as a truck route. It was also a short cut from town for those trying to get back before reveille. My bladder wouldn't hold, so I went into the woods. As luck would have it, it wasn't only piss I needed to get rid of. I dropped my drawers and hid behind a tree. Shortly, I heard footsteps on the road.

I poked my head out from behind the tree and saw Drover walking, or rather, staggering back to the base. He was loaded. I smiled to myself, realizing that this was the first time I'd seen him in anything resembling human form. He whistled lightly to himself, fanning his brow with the brim of his D.I. hat. I started to turn back to my duty, when I heard shuffling. Two dark forms flew out of the woods on the other side of the road and threw Drover to the ground. I stood there feeling like an idiot with my pants around my ankles. I couldn't help him. I could only watch.

To my horror, I realized that one of the men was John! The other guy I recognized as the one they called the Mule, an obvious genital reference. Drover fought them, but his fatigue, the booze, and the ferociousness of Sinclair and Mule was too much for him. One hard blow from Mule, and Drover was semi-conscious.

"Yeah, give it to him," John growled. His voice was both a turn-on and a turn-off to me. I was split between wanting him and wanting to kill him. He certainly wasn't this dominant in bed—nothing worse than a small-cocked bottom who's given a little power, I thought. I was disgusted at my thoughts and the scene I was witnessing.

Before I could even finish my crap, the two were off, running back to the base, leaving Drover lying unconscious by the side of the road. I finally finished and ran over to him. I untied his pants and he began to wake. He grabbed at me, mistaking me for one of his attackers. "Hey, stop! I didn't do this! Hold on!"

He looked at me, dazed. "Williams, what the fuck happened?"

I couldn't turn John in—why, I'll never know. "I dunno, sir. I was walking back to base and found you here. Are you okay?"

He winced as he tried to move. "I'm not sure. Christ. Bastards."

I helped him get his pants back up, noticing that he was semi-hard, his long, uncut cock waving between his thighs. We dressed him, but he was a mess.

"Look," I said, "I know a place nearby. We can get you cleaned up, let you lie down, clean your pants. Just don't tell anyone we were there, okay?"

"Mamie-Mike's?" Drover whispered. "Okay, let's do it."

He'd have to know of it, of course, being stationed here for three years. But it still surprised me.

Mamie-Mike was horrified at Drover's condition and whisked her off to her own suite. A doctor was brought in to examine him. No permanent damage had occurred. Pain-killers, antiseptics, and codeine salve were applied, and then he was left to me to bathe and put to bed.

"You're in good hands, dahling," Mamie-Mike whispered huskily. "This man'll take good care of you, won't you, dahling?"

I nodded and they left us. I bathed him on the satin quilt of Mamie's bed. He smiled at me as I stole darting glimpses of his powerful body, while my hand gently cleaned him.

"Come here often, sailor?" he chuckled.

I stopped what I was doing and stared into his ice-gray eyes. I'd never seen him smile before! How handsome he became, how warm, how vulnerable, as I cared for his wounds. "I . . . well, sir. . . I. . ."

"Forget it. I come here, too, but not downstairs. Wouldn't do, now, would it?"

I was stunned.

He rolled over onto his belly. "Easy now, Williams. Don't wipe away the medication."

His butt was less hairy than John's, but rounder and harder. My head was reeling with all I'd seen tonight.

"Mamie's an old friend. She takes good care of my boys' bodies and egos—just the things I try to separate them from. Guess you gotta expect some rebellion when you're educating someone's will, right?"

His acceptance of what had happened was a new shock to me. Had it happened before, I wondered? "Yes sir," I numbly replied.

"It's my job to create resistance," he went on, "breaking your backs until all you have left is the will to *be*."

As I listened, I lovingly rinsed the soap off his smooth back, the hard muscles relaxing with my gentle touch.

He rolled over again, his foreskin slipping back from the tip of his cock. He stared at me, then smiled slightly. "And speaking of resistance," he said, "I'm supposed to resist you as an officer. But as a man, especially in my weakened condition, I'm afraid I can't." His eyes were heavy-lidded from the pain-killer, but his stare bore right into me. He held out one hand to me. I shuddered with tenderness for him, yet feared him as my commanding officer. "You realize," he said, "that if you say yes to me, now, I'll have to work your ass extra hard on the field, Williams."

I took his hand, staring at his eyes. These eyes that had seared into mine during survival tests were now asking me to make love to him. What a remarkable being I was with! Here was a *truly* superior officer! A man trained to train other men, and yet capable of the gentlest of feelings—or was it the drug talking? I didn't care. I went into his arms.

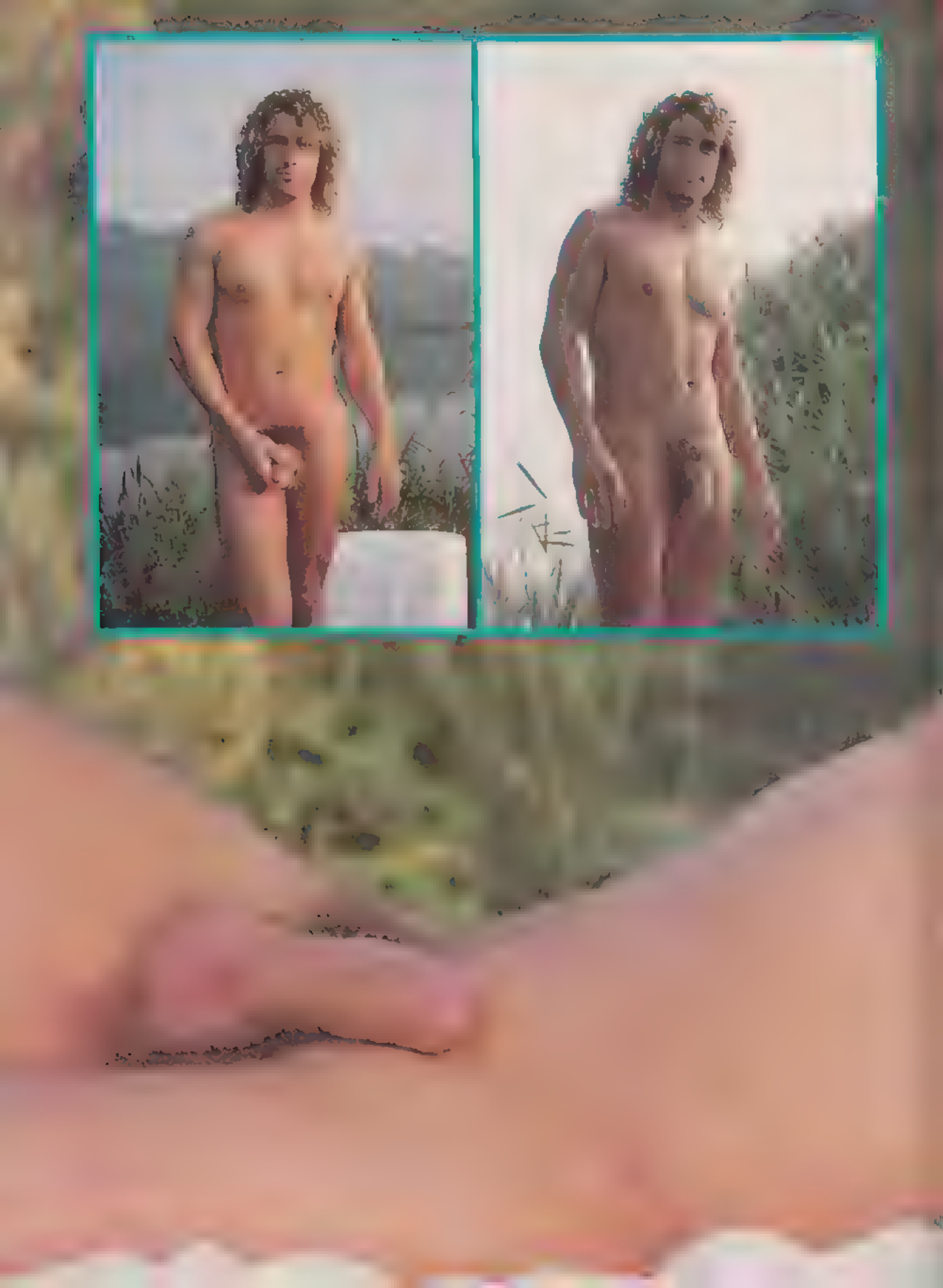
During the hours we made love, I was able to teach *him* something in return. I taught him tender affection. He began our love-making by hugging me close and kissing me roughly, but I resisted. I'd seen enough of coarse, uncaring sex tonight. He was going to get the balming caresses he deserved. I stroked him gently, running my fingers over his sore face, lightly grazing his bruises with my lips. He sighed and began to ease into my gentler form of affection. He closed his eyes and let himself be taken, slowly.

And that was how we did it—slowly, gently, all night long. True to his word, Drover worked me like a galley slave during the rest of my training. Sinclair and Mule, relieved that apparently their identity as Drover's rapists was to go undiscovered, were tortured by guilt—because they believed that th D.I.'s brutality was a sign that I was suspected. I let them suffer. They were never to know that, to my mind, things could not have been better. Weekends were sheer heaven—worth every ounce of torture I had to suffer during the week. And though Sinclair had once said these words to me out of the blind delirium of lust, I spoke them often to Drover, and always sincerely: "I love you, sir. I love you."■

WILD MAN

No man has been able to tame him; he dominates everyone who's tried.

Section photographed by E. Thornton



WILD MAN
He rules with an iron hand and many men have begged for his favors.

WILD MAN

The lion is stalking prey and he's got his eyes on you.

MINK OIL

BY PIERCE • ART BY PAUL IRISH

I was twenty-five years old the day I rode into Montana on my trusty Hog. The trusty Hog was less than two days old. I'd won a shit pot full of money in a poker game and decided to buy it and junk the one I'd had since I was eighteen. It was a helluva way to celebrate my birthday.

I had even bought some new gear: my first pair of leather chaps, a leather vest, and a new cap just like the ones I'd seen in the "studstore" in San Francisco.

I kept my old boots because I have a hard time finding size 14. They'd been mink-oiled almost daily and would last for several more years.

I always carried a bottle of mink oil—not only for my leathers, but I discovered it was dandy to jack off with and just right for those tight little assholes I was always trying to make.

It was October, and Montana was a mite chilly. I was grateful for the warmth of the engine between my thighs. It spread along my legs and up between my butt cheeks, giving me one hell of a rider's hard-on. There have been times I've ridden a Hog for 200 miles with a rod in my 501's.

I loved to pull off the road, pull my 501's down to my knees, cup my old jock under my balls, take that crowbar-stiff cock in my fist, and stand against a tree in broad daylight and whack off. Now and again I'd meet some other biker doing the same thing. We'd just nod; bikers understand that urgent need to get off on a long run. Sometimes I'd pull over to a roadside park and whip out the mink oil and let 'er rip. If I was lucky—and I very often was—I'd meet a beautiful cocksucker who would give head until I was dizzy. I hate to come quick, but after a long run on a hog I couldn't hold back, and I'd flood some wonderful throat with my pent-up load of hot cream. Sometimes, once wasn't enough.

Some of those guys at rest stops just want to suck straight cock, so I'd play the butch game, which they seemed to love as much as I did. Hell, I like being a fantasy man. A lot of 'em even asked me to straddle the Hog when they gave head. Sometimes I'd gun her when I was shooting off, just for added excitement.

To tell the truth, I couldn't get away from the funeral two nights ago. I was lower than a snake's belly. After owning a Hog for all those years, you just don't hand it over to someone for junk. That isn't right. I loved that old Hog and we had been fuckin' around together for a lotta years.

I went to a flower shop and bought a wreath of green stuff and carnations, red and white ones. I took the bike along with a dozen biker buddies to an old bridge, and after we all got hoot-owl drunk, I placed the wreath over the handle bars and shoved the bike as tenderly as I knew how into the deep waters below. I stood there and cried like a baby.

None of us fucked that night, although Slick Wilson's chick did give some of the guys head, which didn't seem proper at a funeral—but shit why not celebrate life while you can? We was all drunk anyhow, but I couldn't stop crying. The funeral party didn't break up until around four a.m., and almost everyone said a few words except Selena, who was still giving head and had her mouth full and couldn't talk. Poor old Sven was broke up worse than I was, and we made him drink till he passed out, 'cause he didn't want to leave the bridge. Sven had buried two bikes, and one came from the old country with him. He mourned for a year and even wore a black arm band.

I always carried a bottle of mink oil—not only for my leathers, but I discovered it was dandy to jack off with and just right for those tight little assholes I was always trying to make.

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until someone got sick and tired of it and ripped it off and wiped his asshole on it and stuffed it in old Sven's mouth, which he didn't like a bit.

He got the message and left it off. Sven was handy to have round for Hog funerals 'cause he used to be a preacher. I was glad he was at mine 'cause he knew damned well how I felt. I only wish he hadn't farted during his little sermon. The air was fragrant with sauerkraut and lemons, his favorite food. Said it would keep you young forever. Sven was forty-one and looked everyday of seventy-one. His face was lined like a road map. But hell, he could fuck for hours, and I guess that was about all old Sven really cared about. The chicks all loved him. He had a cock like a beer can.

Those thoughts were all running around in my brain as I headed into Montana on my twenty-fifth birthday. The thought of old Sven made me smile, and I started to feel better.

Montana didn't look too hot to me. All I could see was sheep everywhere I looked. To make matters worse, a storm was brewing and I didn't want to be caught in it. Not in brand new leathers.

I finally found a beat-up old motel that had little log cabins around a coffee shop and paid my dough and took my chances. The cabin smelled of Lysol and old cum, but it looked neat and the bed clothes were clean so I didn't even take off my old jock strap, just fell into bed, cupped my balls in my right hand, and lights out!

I woke up mad as all hell 'cause someone was banging on my door. I swore under my breath and jumped out of bed and almost lost my balance, barking my shin on a chair. I stood rubbing my shin and groaning and cussing fit to beat the band.

A man's voice yelled from outside, "Hey, you okay in there?"

I hobbled to the door and pulled it open, still mad and half asleep. "What the fuck ya want?" I growled.

"Hey, man, take it easy." The guy moved back a couple of steps, holding his hand out in front of his chest. "You ain't gonna deck me now, are ya? Sorry to wake you up. Looks like you were having a damned good dream." He nodded to my crotch.

My early-morning hard-on was standing out the side of my jock-strap as hard as a limb on an oak tree. I tried to stuff it back into the pouch but it was too damned proud to hide in that little bit of elastic. The more I tried to stuff it away, the harder it got and the funnier the situation became. Finally I reached for my 501's and got 'em on somehow.

He introduced himself as Mike Barlow and said that the owner had sent him over to ask if I'd mind sharing the cabin. Some kind of Shriner's convention was in town and the place was full up. Since I was the only one in the cabin he thought I might share it, and of course he'd pay half my fee as well as his own. That sounded good to me. I let him in and closed the door.

I looked the dude over as he walked into the bathroom and stood in front of the can, unzipped, and took a leak. Didn't even close the door. Damn good hang, I thought. He held his dick lovingly as he pissed.

"I'm on my way to a sports fair in Seattle," he said. "Live in North Dakota."

"Long ways to go yet," I said, eyeing his big fish-shaped cock. Hard, that thing would be a beaut.

"Yeah, but I don't fly, and I don't start school until the end of this month. Decided to drive."

"You a teacher?" Hell, he didn't look to me like a teacher. Then it came to me: "Coach, right?"

"You hit the nail right on the head," he said, shaking out the last drops and putting his dick back in his boxer shorts, on the right side.

"I needed sports gear. I'm going to the fair to see how much I can buy on a limited budget."

He flushed the toilet and walked back into the bedroom, stretching his arms over his head and flexing his back muscles. "Damn, I'm stiff as a board. But I love to drive. That your cycle out front?"

"My Hog. We don't call 'em cycles. It's a Hog."

"Great-looking Hog. New gear? I love the smell of leather." He picked up my cap, smelled it, and then placed it on his head. "Mind?"

"Nah, be my guest."

He stood in front of the plastic-framed mirror adjusting the cap on the back of his head.

"Pull it forward, over your eyes."

He did, and he liked the effect. He looked rugged and outdoorsy. He could be a grade-A biker in anyone's book. His whole attitude changed with that hat on his handsome head. He even hitched up his pants and smoothed his hand down over his dick. Yeah, he was fantasizing as he tripped out on the hat.

"Funny," he said. "Funny how just a hat can change a man's looks—even his way of thinking. For a minute I felt like a Hell's Angel." He smiled again.

"I ain't a Hell's Angel," I said. "But I think those guys get hung with a bad rep."

He turned and looked at me. "You *couldn't* be one of them. Your hair's too short."

"I hate long hair."

"Yeah, me too." He sauntered over to an over-stuffed chair and sat down, sprawling his long legs in front of him. "You want to get some more sleep? Sorry I woke you up."

"That's okay. I'm rested. What the hell time is it?"

"About five."

"AM or PM.?"

"P.M.," he said, and pawed his neck muscles.

Some of those guys at rest stops just want to suck straight cock, so I'd play the butch game, which they seemed to love as much as I did. A lot of them even asked me to straddle the Hog when they gave me head.

"Holy shit, I've slept all fucking day! No wonder I'm hungry!"

"Guess you were really tired."

"I was." I told him about the funeral and left nothing out. He leaned forward, hands on his knees. "I've never heard anything like that. Bikers really aren't like other men."

"Sure we are. We just don't like a lot of rules fucking up our lives. We need freedom."

He ground one fist into the other. I saw the wedding ring. "How about sex?" He almost whispered the word, like it was dirty or something. Damn, he was hot! He still had my hat on, dipped way down on his forehead. He looked like one of those make-believe men you seen in the skin mags. Shit, I was getting another hard-on.

I made him go with me to eat. The food was homemade and there was plenty of it. I had two helpings of deep dish apple pie smothered with thick sweet cream, and I was bloated when we left. I'd dropped the subject of sex. I planned to share those tidbits back in the little cabin, in bed. Lust was eating at my belly. I wanted him flat on his back. I had plans—about nine inches of plans. I was gonna pull out all the stops, make things up if I had to, just to get that big, hot cock of his all fired up. Get this hetero stud primed and then go down for the count. If I had anything to do with it, it would be a long count.

We both showered and then shaved. While he showered, I watched him in the shaving mirror. The shower curtain was a cheap, thin, almost transparent pink plastic, and I could see that Mike was built like a linebacker, all muscle and bone, hard as a rock, and big-butted—the kind of football-er ass that I used to get off on in front of the TV screen. His body was covered with dark-brown hair, a shade darker than what was on his head. He had a hard belly, low-hanging balls, and as he soaped his crotch he went semi-hard. But he didn't soap up that area too long. Some early hetero training told him playing with his dick in the shower was a no-no.

I had it figured now that he was strictly hetero. He wasn't gonna suck me off or even give me a hand-job. I was gonna tell him about a lot of sex, real and fantasy, and the big stud was gonna get hot to trot or maybe settle for a head-job or maybe get so hot he'd wanna throw the meat through my back door. On the other hand, he might go to the bathroom and fist himself off with the door closed.

If I had to be his whore and make all the moves, I would. He was gonna be grade-A trade, and I was in the mood to give more than I got. It was this simple: I wanted to suck the coach's cock.

I was on the bed in a ratty blue towel when Mike came out of the bathroom slick-assed naked, his cock hitting his thighs as he walked. He went to the mirror to comb his hair, thrusting his pelvis forward and bending his knees the better to see himself. His cock was very thick through the middle and tapered to a clean-cut head. I put my hands over my crotch to hide my hard-on. His ass made my mouth water. I couldn't help wondering if this hetero stud had ever been rimmed. Damn few have.

"Hey, Mike, why don't you try on the leathers? We're about the same size."

"Would you mind?" he said, his eyes lighting up.

"Be my guest. I'll make a biker out of you yet, man."

"I need Levi's, though—under the chaps."

"Nah, just slip 'em on as is. Feels terrific to wear 'em on bare skin."

He looked at me for a few seconds and then grinned. "Why, Al, you're downright depraved."

"Thanks a lot, Mike," I grinned. "Wore 'em to a party once, and my chick went naked except for a raisin in her bellybutton and sugar sprinkled on her ass. She told everyone she was a cookie. Got ate a lot, too."

"No shit, Al—you're putting me on, right?" He had put on the chaps. His cock and balls hung free, and his big ass was framed by the black leather. Then he put on my mink-oiled boots, cap, vest, and jacket. I almost came.

"Put the mirror on the floor," I instructed, so you can get a good look."

He placed it against the baseboard and looked at himself. "Man, I wish my wife could see this."

He didn't realize it, but he was going on hard. A slow rise, but getting there. Then he saw it and blushed like a teenager caught beating off in the head.

"Damn, will you look at that! I'm getting hard." He was honestly amazed. "I'm hotter than a pistol. I can't believe it."

Lust was eating at my belly. I wanted him flat on his back. I had plans—about nine inches of plans. I was gonna tell him things. Get this hetero stud primed and then go down for the count. If I had my say, it would be a long count.

"I can. Happens to me, too. It's one hell of a sex trip."

"Believe it. I never had anything like this happen to me. It's wild."

"If I had my way, it would get a helluva lot wilder."

"I feel, well, horny—but something more."

"You feel like a stud. Right, Mike? A cunt-hopping, big-dicked stud that could fuck some chick bowlegged, right?"

"Yeah. You too?"

"Not all the time. I'm no machine. I know the feeling though." I *did*, too. My first leathers got me off. I came on so hot and studly that nobody could resist getting on their knees. I loved every slurp and suck. I'd stand in some back room against the wall getting serviced by the mouth of my choice. It was leather-power, and I was smart enough to know it was just that and nothing more—a costume game.

"You know," Mike said slowly, "this

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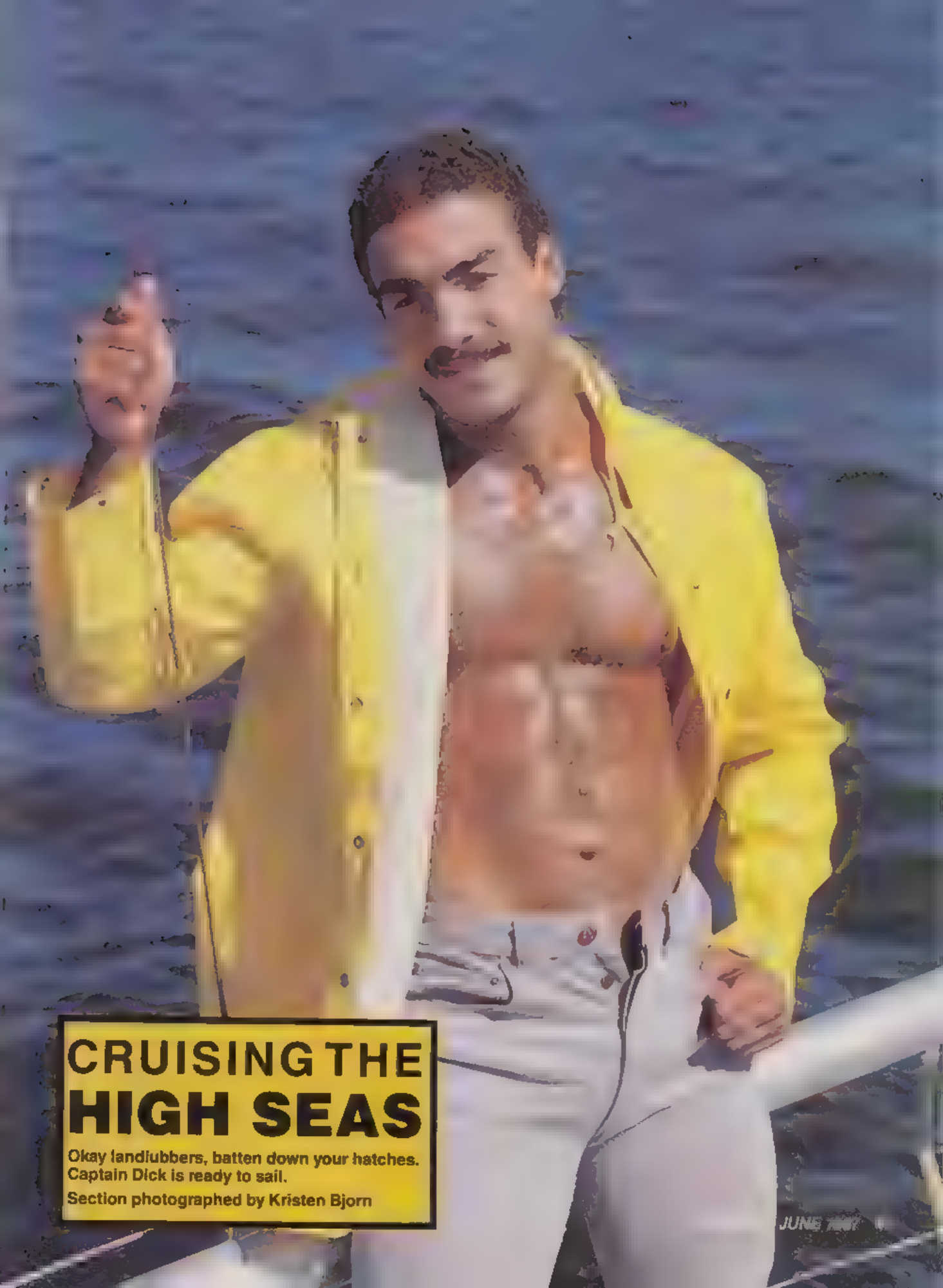
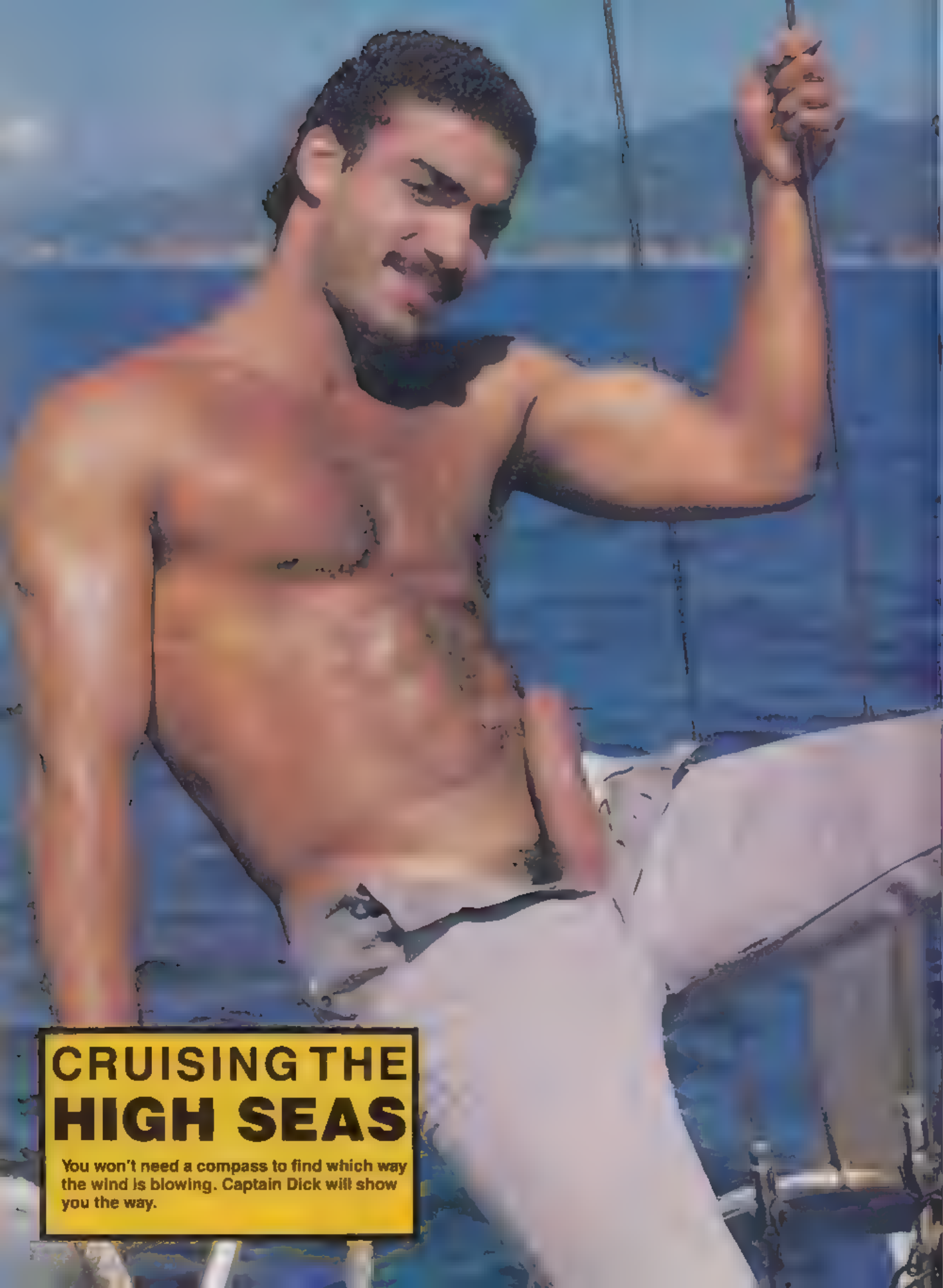


CRUISING THE HIGH SEAS

Okay landlubbers, batten down your hatches. Captain Dick is ready to sail.

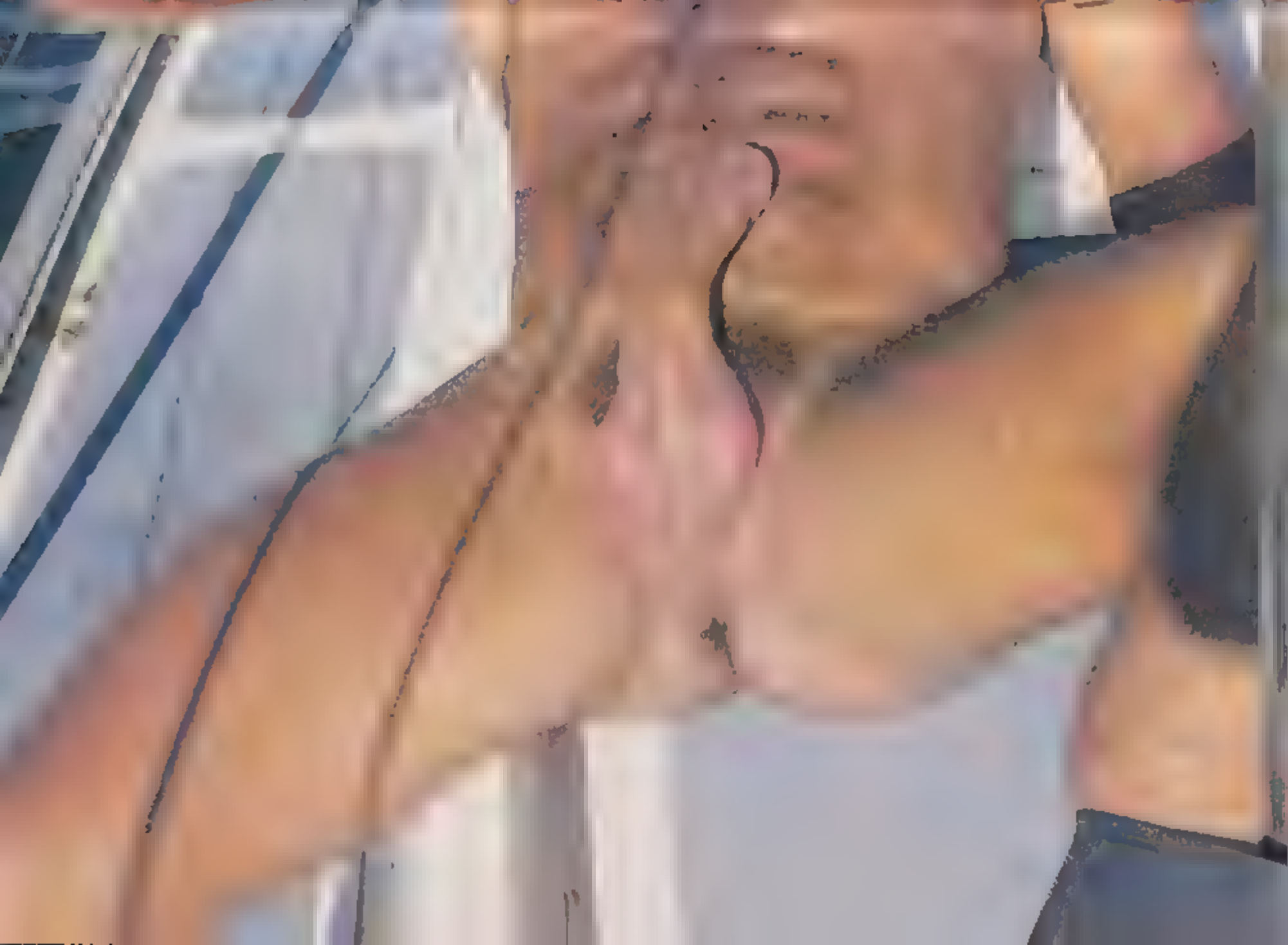
Section photographed by Kristen Bjorn


CRUISING THE
HIGH SEAS
You won't need a compass to find which way the wind is blowing. Captain Dick will show you the way.

CRUISING THE HIGH SEAS

His main mast is aloft and he's going to trim your sails like they've never been trimmed before.

CRUISING THE
HIGH SEAS
Captain Dick will show you how much fun you can have blowin' the men down.



SKI SLOPE

BY RICHARD J. MICHAELS

PHOTO BY NAAKKVE

It had been a long time since I had gone skiing. I had been looking forward to this trip for nearly two years. Due to my schedule, I was often kept away from Vermont during the ski season. Getting there this year meant the coordination of two very busy schedules: my cousin Larry's and mine.

I was a student, and I had finals throughout the month of January, he was a jet-setting corporation specialist. He turned unprofitable corporations profitable and cut costs for those that were too cost-heavy. It was a rare pleasure when we could manage a ski excursion together.

The car ride from New York City to Killington wasn't that bad. I remember it being worse in previous years. The roads were clear and we made good time. It went even quicker because we had fun. We talked about our jobs and what I intended to do after graduation, and then we spoke about our plans for our trip.

We got to the house. More than a ski chalet, it had four bedrooms, although one of them had never been used, a large living room, which had a beautiful stone fireplace that was always burning when someone was there, and a large kitchen. There were no televisions and no phone because Larry wanted the place secluded. Over our dinner of spaghetti and meatballs—homemade, believe it or not—we talked about sex.

My cousin was, at thirty-seven, a fine-looking man—distinguished and very sexy. He was a Harvard man and had been married four times. Thrice divorced, he was currently working on divorce number four. The family used to say that he went through wives quicker than most people went through toothbrushes. I, of course, was gay, but my family didn't know that. I kept up appearances with a girl named Kristie, who was a lesbian, so both of our families were happy.

Continued to page

Torrid Zone
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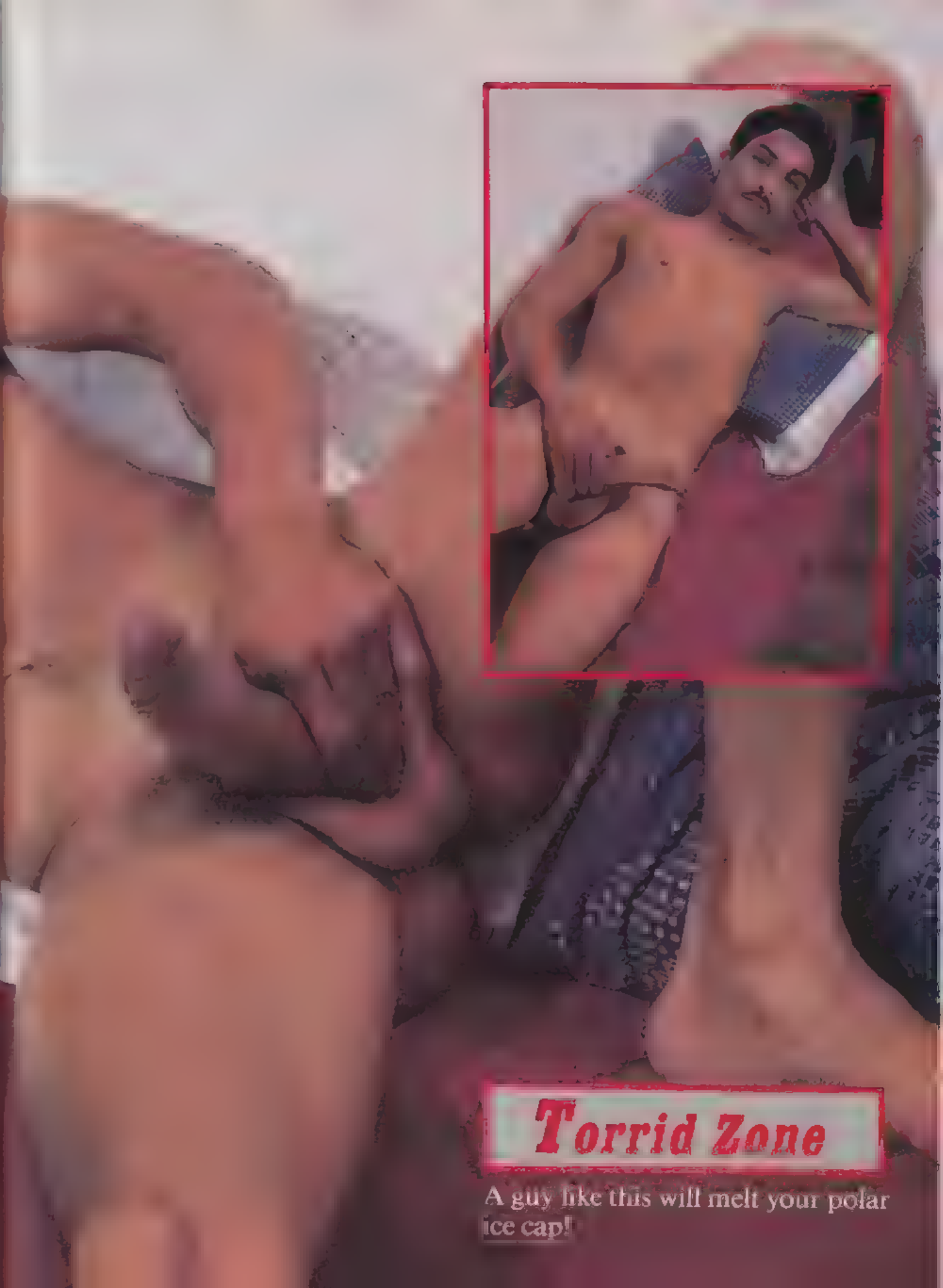

Torrid Zone

A guy like this will melt your polar ice cap!

Continued from page 50

The next thing I knew, I was kissing my cousin Larry, and we were in each other's arms. I learned that night that he occasionally indulged in a man-to-man fling.

"Richie, can I ask you a question?" I couldn't imagine why Larry had even asked. I knew it had to be something of major significance, since everything had always been fair game between us—no secrets. Well, at least not if the proper question was asked. "Who was the guy you came out of Uncle Charlie's with last Saturday night?"

Robert McCarthy immediately sprang to mind. I had picked him up at the bar that night and left with him. My cousin must have seen us coming out. Rob was something to behold, the most gorgeous man in the world. Uncle Charlie's was known to have beautiful men, and Rob was the best of the lot. His Bloomingdale's advertisement looks were incredible. I got an erection just thinking about him and our night together.

We went to his place. He threw his coat on the floor the minute the door was closed, and before I knew it, I was on his bed with my clothes ripped off. (He was kind enough to give me some of his the next day so I could get home.) Within seconds, his lips were planted on mine, his naked body was on top of me, and he was running his hands through my hair. I was surprised but in no way turned off by his aggressiveness.

His tongue darted into my ear and his hand slid up my leg, sending chills up and down my spine. I had never wanted anyone as much as I wanted him at that moment. He whispered into my ear, "I want you. I want you." He lifted my legs and spread open my ass cheeks. He plunged his ten-inch rod into my twitching hole, plugged it up, and plowed away like a field worker gone berserk. He pumped and pumped, faster and faster. His cry of ecstasy announced the explosion of cum in my ass.

"Richie, I asked you a question."

"I'm sorry, Larry. What did you say?"

"I asked you and now, five minutes later I repeat—who was that gorgeous blond I saw you with in front of Uncle Charlie's last Saturday night?"

"Oh. Robert McCarthy."

"Oh. And what were you doing in Uncle Charlie's on a Saturday night? Isn't that a gay bar?"

The blood rushed to my head. My favorite cousin was as much in the dark about this part of my life as the rest of my family. We had never discussed it before. I had a crush on him and didn't want him to know it.

"Yes, it is," I answered, scared shitless. What was I going to do? I couldn't lie to him—he would know. I never was very good at lying anyway, especially with him. We were too close for that.

"What were you doing in a gay bar?"

"Larry, before I answer your question, let me say that one of life's worst sins is asking questions that one doesn't really want to know the answers to. So I won't answer this one unless you really want the truth. We are crossing a line where the answer may matter."

He sat and pondered for a moment. "You've already answered it then."

"I did no such thing."

"You're gay, aren't you?"

"Yes." My mind went blank. I couldn't believe I had said it. How could I have? But I had.

And the next thing I knew, I was kissing Larry, and we were in each other's arms. I learned from that night that he occasionally indulged in a man-to-man fling. Praise God!

His tongue darted into my mouth. I wasn't nervous anymore. He had excited me for many years, and I was going to make the most of this opportunity. His hand reached down my back, grabbed my ass, and squeezed it hard. I moaned, realizing that he wanted my eager young ass. For sure, I wanted him to have it. His hand moved to my thigh and up into my crotch. He gently caressed, and then his fingers deftly unzipped my pants and unbuttoned the snap.

"Let's go over near the fireplace," he suggested.

We undressed each other and I saw my cousin naked and *aroused* for the first time. True, I had seen him naked before, but this time I knew I could finally have him. His cock was growing past the nine-inch mark—magnificent. I'm no slouch in the dick department, but nine inches I ain't. Still, he was quite impressed with my eight. I, on the other hand, was awestruck. I wanted him, desired him, craved him.

He got on his back and I got on top. I smothered his lips with mine and darted my tongue inside his mouth. Then I licked my way down his body, slithering my tongue around his ears and neck and nipples. I groped for his cock and tugged on it, letting him know that I knew what I was doing and that what I wanted was him.

He was obviously nervous, and his stomach clenched when I reached his bellybutton with my tongue. I think he wanted me, but I was his second cousin and here we were in his house in Vermont about to have sex. Maybe he was afraid that we had carried this thing too far.

No, I thought and popped his cock into my mouth. My tongue slid around it and I nipped the head lightly with my teeth, teasing it, forcing the blood to pulse. I loved it when his cock bobbed in my mouth, asking for more. I could feel it throbbing with pleasure. I could feel the pleasure intensifying. And then his load of sweet cum exploded in my mouth. I swallowed it all. I drank him dry.

He was nervous again, so we stopped for a minute. Out of breath, he didn't know

what to say. I snuggled my head in the crook of his arm and let him think about what had occurred. This was a big moment in both our lives. After being best friends for as long as I could remember, now we were having sex. Was it incest? Who cared! That was *my* feeling anyway.

"Richie," he began.

But I interrupted him. "Larry, don't say anything. I understand. Look, whatever you want to do, we will. I won't force you into anything. Just know that I'm willing."

That was all he needed to hear. In an instant, I was on my back with my legs spread wide in the air, and his cock was pounding up my rectum. He pumped hard, and he penetrated me more deeply than anybody ever had before. Still I wanted more.

'Harder! Harder!" I screamed.

He met the challenge.

Then abruptly he pulled his cock out of my ass and crammed it down my throat. I sucked on it, nearly gagging. Seconds later another load of his cum was gushing down my throat. It was amazing—there was more this time than last.

When he finished, he slithered down my body and took my cock into his mouth. He was a real pro; he didn't gag, didn't choke. He sucked my cock like a baby sucks a bottle. I came and came.

After several more hours of this, we fell asleep in each other's arms. When we awoke, at eight the next morning, the sun was streaming into the room. It was time to ski.

'Richie, do you really want to go skiing, or would you rather stay here and rest?"

As it turned out, we "rested" the entire weekend. And even with our busy schedules, we've managed to make ski excursions far more frequently since that first restful weekend. ■

MINK OIL

Continued from page 40

doesn't bother me. I mean the hard-on. I've never in all my thirty-two years let another man see me erect. Does it bother you?"

'Shit no!" I exclaimed, a mite too quickly. "Men are men, and cock is a cock is a cock—all that bull. Hell, I think men should be proud of showing hard. Some guys don't shake hands, they touch each other's cocks." Had I read that someplace?

He was on full hard, a pulsing eight inches, thick and juicy.

"This is silly," he said. "A grown man like me playing with himself."

"Relax, Mike. Nothing to be ashamed of. Men play with themselves."

Mike grinned and threw himself on the bed beside me, laughing and snorting like a demented bull. The bed rocked as we both laughed and punched each other. It was crazy fun, man-play.

Finally Mike went to wash his face and I watched those ass cheeks as they moved, framed by the black leather chaps. When he returned, his cock was almost soft. Hard or soft it was one of the handsomest cocks I'd ever seen.

"You have a terrific cock," I said. Hell, why not tell him so. Had his wife ever said that to him?

"Thanks . . . I guess," he mumbled.

"No one ever said that to you, right?"

"No one." He flopped onto the bed, still in my leathers. "I don't know *why* men are so shy about telling another man he's good-looking or has 'a terrific cock,' as you put it. Guess in America we're a little uptight about that. It puts some kind of label on you." He turned on his side towards me. "You're a good-looking man, Al." He smiled and looked me straight in the eyes.

I thanked him and then started telling him about some sex orgies I'd been in. I had him on full hard in less than 15 minutes—a dripping hard-on. I just casually threw in about getting fucked by a buddy one night, and how hot it had been. I went on talking hot to Mike.

"Hold it. Back up, Al. Now, did I hear right? You got fucked up the ass?"

"I got fucked up the ass, yeah. I also said I felt more of a man by taking the dick of a good buddy. I made him feel good. What's wrong with that?" Damn, I was cool.

"I just never thought that a man like you would, well, do any of that fag shit."

"Don't worry about it, Mike. I just love sex—any kind."

"You're bisexual then?" He toyed with the head of his wet cock. He was interested, really interested.

"There you go, Mike," I snorted, "labels."

He didn't speak for several minutes. Just sat up against the headboard thinking, his cock resting against his chiseled belly. He stared straight ahead, a puzzled look on his face.

I think I read his thoughts. "You ever jerk off as a teenager, Mike? I mean with a buddy?"

"No. Never." He didn't look at me. Just raised his arms and placed them under his head. His armpits were thick with hair, his biceps hard and muscled.

"You think you could do it now?"

He turned his head and saw I had removed the towel.

"You mean—together?" His eyes looked cold.

"Yeah, right now, with the light on, just as we are, naked and hard."

He turned away from me and stared straight ahead again, then slowly brought his hand to his hard dick and started to stroke. I moved closer and lowered my head and licked one of his nipples. He flinched and then moaned slightly. I kept licking until I saw his hand pumping his cock harder and faster. He arched his back, forcing me, wanting me to suck harder on his nipple. I licked lower down his chest and on to his belly. I could smell his crotch and his pre-cum. He took his

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hand away and I licked his cockhead. He muttered, "Yeah, yeah, suck it for me," his voice somewhere between a purr and a growl. I went all the way down. He arched his hips and fucked my face slowly. I went lower and sucked his hairy balls. He slid flat on the bed, and I spread his legs and flicked my tongue into his ass crack. He didn't stop me; he lifted his legs higher and held his knees as I dove into his musky-smelling ass hole. I had to part the thick hair with my fingers to hit the rose. When I did, he groaned, "I can't take it."

In a split-second he'd flipped me on my back. His face was pure fuck lust. He lifted my legs and tried to force his cock into my asshole. I tried to push him away. He growled and said, "Okay, cunt, take it like a man."

I held on to his shoulders and forced him away. "I can't take it dry, stud."

The word seemed to excite him. He spit on his cock, and I tried to relax as he clumsily tried to lodge himself inside me. It wouldn't work. I jumped up, got my mink oil, and oiled his cock and my asshole. I got on my back again and he guided his cock to my asshole and slipped the head in. It was painful, but I grit my teeth and let him spread my ass wide open with his hands. In short push-pull motions, he finally got through the first ring of fire and then slid home.

I held on to the back of the leather chaps, and he gripped my cheeks and started to fuck. A married man knows how to fuck, and he hit every nook and cranny. I was dripping all over my chest. He held on to the headboard and almost bent me double. I was his prisoner. I couldn't have escaped even if I'd wanted to.

He started to talk dirty—all words I'd heard before, of course, but they're always welcome. Mike was not gentle, and I didn't care. He fucked like a redneck—wild, violent, not caring if he gave me pleasure or not. It was fast and hard. I could feel my asshole clutching at his dick.

He stiffened and held his cock as far inside me as he could and started to come. My own cock was bone-hard, and I was so close to coming that I got off by squeezing my ass muscles around his cock. I shot, all over my face and chest.

We were both wet with sweat when he pulled out with a plop and fell onto his back, panting.

"You always fuck like that, Mike?" I asked.

"I don't think so. I felt I could get wild with you, another man. Did I hurt you?"

"A little, but you made me come."

"My god, you *did*! I didn't know that was possible."

"It isn't always, but you hit my prostate over and over. It was terrific. You liked it too, Mike. I could tell."

"Yes, I liked it. Hell, I *loved* it! You were so tight and so fucking hot—like a blowtorch. I've never known that kind of pleasure."

"Could you do it again, with someone else?"

"I don't know. I honestly don't."

We let it go at that.

We both took turns in the bathroom showering. When I came out, Mike was fast asleep, my leathers carefully folded over a chair. The bottle of mink oil was open and on the nightstand next to his side of the bed. I awoke during the night and found his cock, again hard, nudging against my ass. It was oiled already, so I took it in my hand and guided it to the portals.

We parted friends, buddies—fuck buddies. I gave him the new leather vest to take home with him. He left me his post office box number. I sent him postcards everywhere I went. He usually sent me postcards and Christmas cards. One had a color picture of his family sitting around a big Christmas tree. Mike wore the leather vest with a sprig of mistletoe on the chest. I still smile when I look at that photo. ■

PIERCING EYES

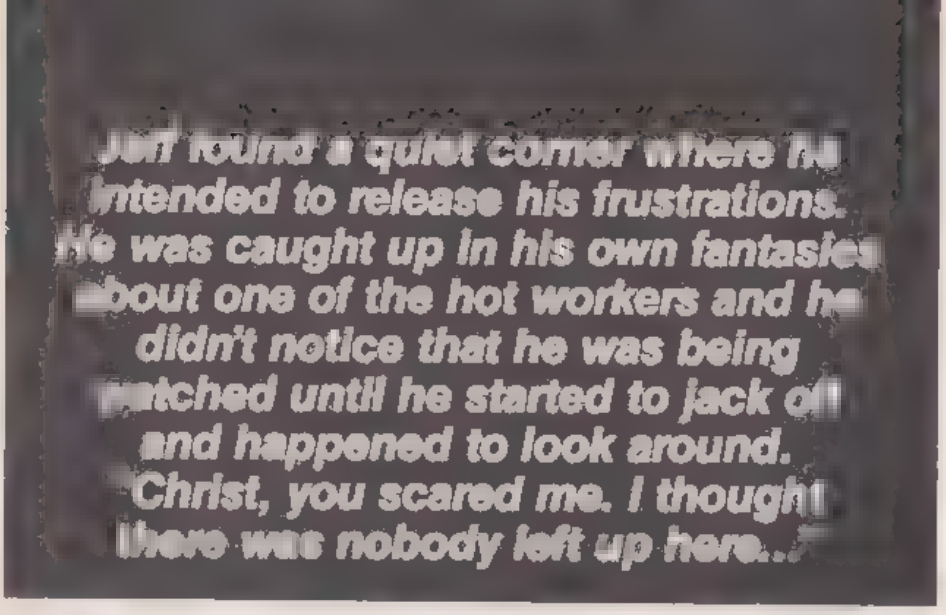
When Pierce Daniels sets you in his sights, you know you've been eyed by the best.

Section photographed by Maxx Studios

PIERCING EYES

And when he points that "fleshy eye" at you, it's time for action.

PIERCING
EYES



THE BUILDING INSPECTOR

BY DIRK STRONG • ART BY PETROSKI

The city was steaming. After four days of record high temperatures, the sidewalks radiated as much heat at night as the sun did in the daytime. Jeff had been putting off his inspection tour of the new building all week, but by three-thirty on Friday he knew he had no choice but to leave the cool comfort of his office for the construction site across town.

He had to loosen his tie as soon as he got outside and felt the hot, damp air. Maybe it would rain soon, he thought. He walked quickly along the short crosstown blocks, sweat filling his armpits, covering his broad chest, and running along the insides of his beefy thighs. He was a big well-muscled guy who filled out a business suit, a T-shirt, or gym shorts equally well. After a few blocks he took off his jacket and slung it over his shoulder.

The union construction workers were off now, so the building should be deserted. That made his job easier—poking into things, looking down shafts, examining the quality of workmanship on everything from poured concrete to tile work. The investment firm that he worked for had put up the money for this office building, and it was his job to monitor the construction process and make sure the money was being spent wisely. If he did his inspections after the workmen had gone, he didn't have to worry about being distracted by their hunky bodies.

It was the hardest thing about his job. It wasn't so bad in the winter, when the men wore flannel shirts and sweaters and jeans or overalls. But in the summertime it could get unbearable. None of the men wore shirts, and the sun tanned their bodies golden brown. Every muscle was gleaming and clearly defined as they stretched, lifted, and hammered. Many of the men wore cut-off denim shorts, sometimes cut so short that Jeff would get glimpses of pubic hair curling out of them. Some of them wore equipment belts full of heavy tools that dragged the top of their shorts down below their navels. A couple of times Jeff had even seen the head of a guy's dick peeking out above the top of his shorts.

Those were the times when he could hardly keep his mind on his work. More than once he'd been forced to seek the shelter of a distant corner where he could jerk off in private and relieve the agony of his stiff prick. He was a conscientious worker, though, and so he tried to avoid

temptation while he was on the job. Hence, his late afternoon inspections, when all the temptations would be home with their wives and girlfriends.

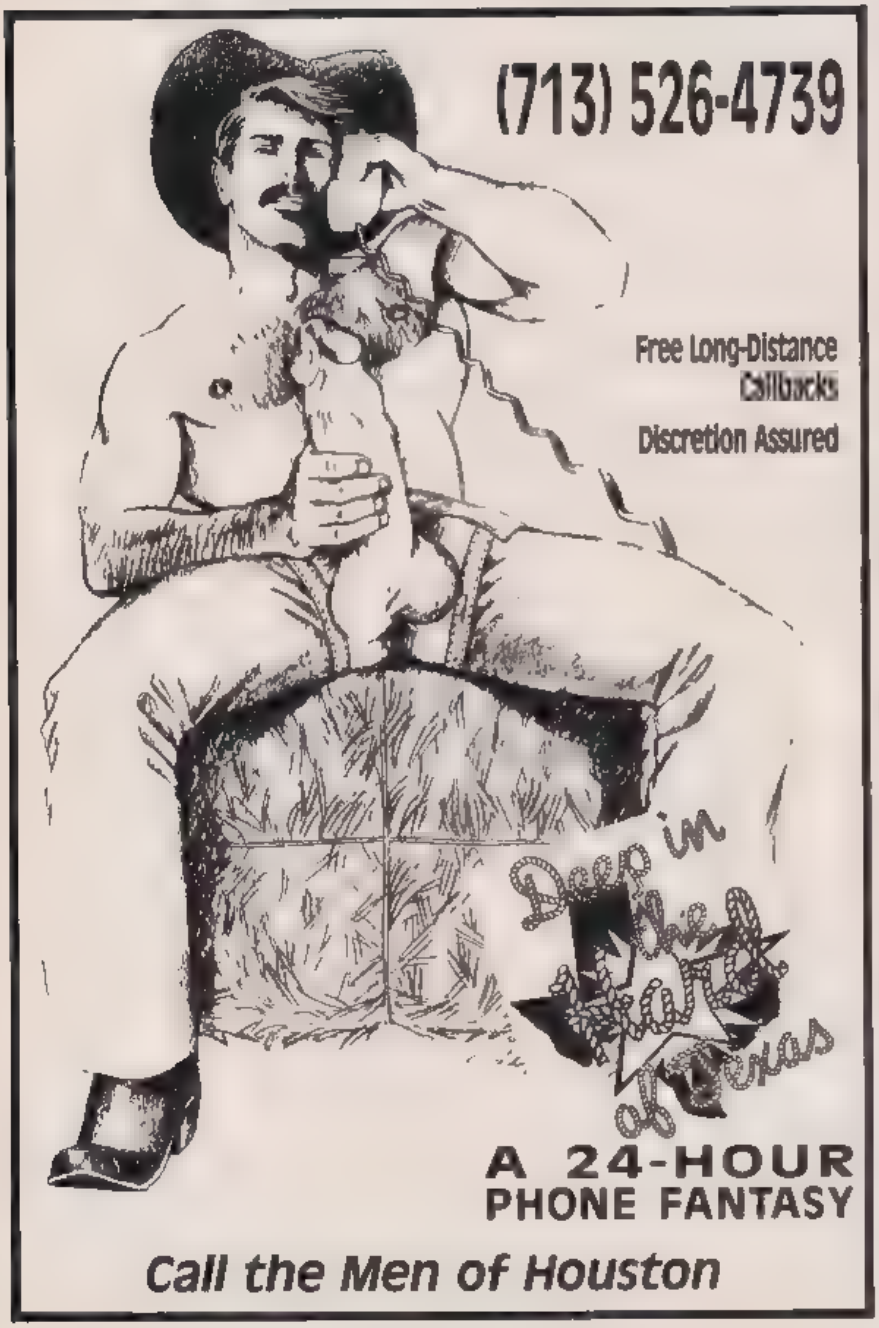
When he got to the building, he discovered that he was out of luck. The cement contractor was running behind schedule, and he had men on overtime pouring sidewalks and curbs. Jeff made a note of that for his report and watched the guys work for a few minutes. Most were older, or unattractive in an ugly, work-hardened kind of way, but there were a couple of young hunks out there for Jeff to admire. One of them was directing the hose that the concrete came out of, a long thick hose that he stood over, controlling the flow with the pressure of his legs. From the side, the hose looked like an enormous dick spurting great gobs of gray, lumpy cum. Jeff watched the arc of the man's back muscles as he leaned over to redirect the hose. Other men moved alongside him on their knees, smoothing wet concrete with metal plates.

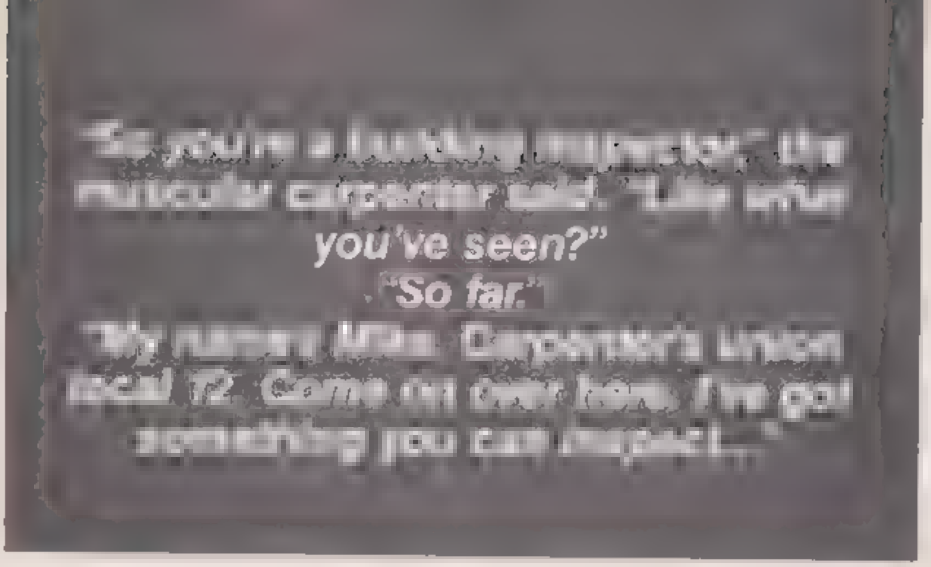
He watched until he couldn't stand it anymore. His dick was rock-hard and he knew he needed relief. He went into the building and climbed to the sixth floor, the highest one built so far. He knew he was alone except for the concrete workers at street level and the watchman down there with them, so he felt free to shuck his clothes. He stripped off his silk tie, white shirt, polished black shoes, and pinstripe pants and was left in the jungle-print boxer shorts a former lover had given him.

The head of his stiff dick poked out of the shorts as he rubbed his sweat over his body, massaging his pectorals, his chest, his stomach, and his thighs. His dick quivered in anticipation as he remembered the hunky guy directing the concrete tube. He was caught up in his own fantasies and didn't notice that he was being watched until he started to jack off and happened to look around.

"Christ! You scared me. I thought there was nobody left up here."

"I was working over there," the guy said, pointing to a patch of sun behind Jeff's shoulder. "I guess I kind of dozed off a little while ago and my buddies left me behind."





The guy was staring at Jeff, who stood nearly naked, his muscles glistening, his stiff prick jutting out of his shorts. "I'm a building inspector," he said. "I was looking around and, it's so hot, I got kind of carried away."

"I see," the guy said. "You were really getting into it."

He was a pretty good-looking guy, with wavy blond hair down to his shoulders and just a hint of blond stubble on his chin. He wasn't wearing a shirt, but he had a T-shirt dangling out of one pocket of his very brief shorts. He had big biceps, one with a tattoo of a dragon on it, and a narrow waist. To Jeff, he looked good enough to eat, particularly the guy's hard-on outlined against the fabric of his shorts.

"I guess it is a pretty hot day out," the man said. "A guy could get pretty horny on a day like this." He ran his hand lightly over his crotch and shivered a little as he did it.

Jeff moved a little closer to him. "Yeah. Pretty horny."

Jeff could feel the heat coming off the guy in waves as he reached out to grab Jeff's nipples, which were standing up straight. "Building inspector," the guy said softly, and then put his mouth over Jeff's.

As they ran their tongues around in each other's mouths, Jeff felt the pressure of the guy's dick against his own and against his stomach. Jeff loosened the snaps on the guy's shorts, and the weight of his tools caused them to drop heavily to the floor. He was naked underneath.

The guy jerked down Jeff's boxer shorts and the two of them pushed their naked bodies against each other. They kissed and belly-fucked and massaged each other's backs and shoulders.

They came at the same time, pressed together so that the cum shot out of their dicks and onto both their stomachs. As they released each other, it dribbled down the insides of their thighs.

"So you're a building inspector," the guy said. "Like what you've seen?"

"So far."

"My name's Mike. Carpenter's union local 12. I've got something you can inspect. Come on over here."

Jeff introduced himself as he followed Mike around a corner, watching every move of Mike's hot, tight ass. There was a pile of materials on the other side of the wall, and the combination of two-by-fours and foam insulation that was stacked there made a nest just right for two. Jeff and Mike dropped down onto it and Mike started to lick his own cum, mingled with Jeff's, from Jeff's thighs. Jeff moaned and held onto Mike's thick blond hair.

When Mike had licked all the cum out of the crevices of Jeff's crotch, he picked Jeff's legs up and put them over his shoulders. He teased the inspector's asshole with his tongue, sucked on the hairs, and blew his hot breath up the tender hole. Jeff sweated and itched and waited eagerly for what was to come.

The carpenter's dick was thick and veiny, the surface rough. Mike kneaded his dick a little and it straightened up and started to ooze a little pre-cum. He used that to lubricate his dick and his index finger, which he slid gently into Jeff's hole.

"Give it to me, man," Jeff moaned. "Give me your dick."

Mike started fucking with slow, rhythmic strokes. His enthusiasm built and his dick got even harder. Each man could smell the other's scent, a mixture of cologne, sweat, and sawdust.

"Do you like it?" Mike asked softly, fucking Jeff even harder. "Do you like it like this?"

Jeff could only gasp. He was so turned on he wanted to cry. His own dick stood at stiff attention, ignored against his stomach, as Mike rubbed and pulled his nipples, using them for leverage as he pushed in and out of Jeff's ass.

Mike came in a huge spurt that Jeff thought he could feel all the way up in his throat, and then let his cock rest inside Jeff until it shrunk down and slid easily out of the greased asshole.

Jeff was crying and shaking by then, his big shoulders and broad chest covered with sweat. "My dick," he whispered. "Come on, man, my dick. Eat my dick."

Mike leaned forward. His long hair slipped down and teased the sides of Jeff's thighs. He flicked his expert tongue against the tip of the inspector's cock. He teased it, licked it, and rubbed his cheek against it, until Jeff thought he would explode. Finally he took the head into his warm mouth, and then the entire shaft, and then his lips reached the tender balls hanging tightly in their sac.

He started pistoning Jeff's dick with his face, but he had barely got a rhythm up before the cock exploded with cum. It spilled out of his mouth and dribbled down his chin and onto his chest. He released Jeff's legs and lay down beside him. Jeff kissed his face and lapped up his own cum, and they embraced. It was like an inferno in the storage area now, the heat of the air and the heat of their bodies held in by the rolls of insulation.

"I guess I won't get a chance to finish my inspection today," said Jeff, noticing the darkening of the room.

"I don't know about that. Union rules don't say anything against a carpenter helping a guy out with an after-hours inspection. I might even volunteer my apartment as a base."

Jeff turned on his side, grinned, and looked at the handsome carpenter. What a hell of an inspection report this would make, he thought. ■

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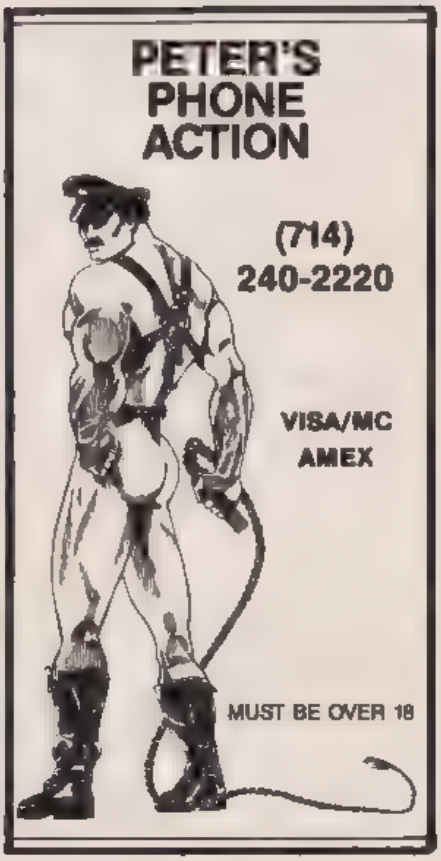
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UNEARTHLY ENCOUNTER

BY CURTIS CHRYSLER
ART BY K. SELTZER

The new super-radials hissed against the slick, wet pavement of the highway just outside of Belen, New Mexico. Charlie squinted as he peered into the thick darkness, barely pierced by his headlamps. The sparse lights of the sleepy little town receded behind him, their reflection in his rearview mirror running together like the blurring of watercolors. Thunder rolled across the desert like cannonfire.

"Why the fuck did it have to start now? Shit! I wanted to make some time tonight." Somehow the sound of his own voice helped to dispel, a little, the suffocating loneliness that he felt out here in the middle of no-goddamned-where. He shuddered. Not another car anywhere in sight. He was all alone, all right, alone in the universe it seemed.

Suddenly, a stark, glaring light flooded his face in the mirror. He jerked the wheel frantically, thinking that he had crossed into the other lane of traffic in front of an oncoming car. But what he saw instead *really* scared the hell out of him! He jammed on the brakes, causing the van to skid sideways. It groaned and started to tip over, it teetered and lurched and then righted itself again, coming to rest at last crossways, blocking the highway.

Charlie's heart crashed against his ribs. His eyes were wide with fear. Brilliant colored lights played across his face and flooded the inside of the darkened van. The engine had died. Charlie didn't try to start it. He simply sat there in the numbing silence, staring out the window, his mouth gaping.

The top of the damned thing rotated slowly, the vivid rim of colored lights moving with it. As the huge alien craft moved closer to the ground, it made not the slightest sound. Charlie gulped as a shaft of light shot out from beneath the ship and lit up the ground like a movie spotlight. The light shimmered and then slowly a solitary figure appeared standing on the wet pavement. It shifted its stance and began moving slowly toward Charlie, the halo of light moving with it. God, it was human! He *looked* human anyhow.

"Shit! This can't be happening." Charlie blinked his eyes rapidly a few times. It was still there, only closer now. Charlie gasped at his first clear look at the visitor. His long hair was wheat blond. His eyes were like Mexican opals, with slivers of red, green, and orange in a haze of pale blue. His slender, naked body was well-muscled, and his skin looked as smooth as satin. He was completely hairless, except for his handsome head. Charlie could feel his pulse pounding in his temples as his gaze fell below the alien's waist: the creature had a hard-on and seemed totally unabashed by that fact.

The rain seemed to roll off the shield of light that surrounded the creature, allowing not a single drop to touch his radiant skin. His abundant golden hair fell in soft curls about his beautiful face, and his smile was captivating and somehow reassuring. Yet Charlie found it hard to catch his breath when the window beside him suddenly rolled down all by itself.

"Hello," the alien said softly.

Chills rushed up and down Charlie's back. "You — you speak English!"

"No, my friend, I do not speak. You only *hear* me in your own tongue."

Charlie noticed that the alien's mouth wasn't moving. This stunned him and he sat perfectly still, pondering the situation, wondering what the visitor wanted.

"I want to make love to you," the stranger thought, and Charlie heard inside his head.

"*What?*" Charlie's voice broke like a teenager's.

"I want to make love to you," the stranger thought, and Charlie heard inside his head. "You have a bed in the back of your van?" Charlie nodded. He was consumed by the beauty of this unearthly creature. "Why me?" He gestured vaguely at the rest of the world. "You are a primitive. I desire you. It is simple."

Confidence and calm radiated out from Shain's mind into Charlie's. The handsome mouth smothered him with a warm, lingering kiss, the delicious lips parting and the stranger's hot, wet tongue slipping into Charlie's mouth. He reached up and wrapped his muscular arms around the flawless body pressed hungrily against his own.

"The idea is unpleasant to you?"

"Uh, no, I mean—what I mean to say is. . ." Charlie cleared his throat "Who are you? Where do you come from?"

"My name is Shain." As if that answered everything, nothing more was offered

Charlie's face flushed "Uh, my name is—"

"Charlie."

"How did you—"

"It is not important." The alien smiled, a dazzling smile. "You have a bed in the back of your craft?"

Charlie nodded without thinking. He was consumed by the beauty of this unearthly creature. He was hyperventilating, and he tried desperately to regain normal breathing. He felt dizzy, and confused "Why me?" He gestured vaguely at the rest of the world

"You are a primitive. I desire you. It is simple."

Charlie blinked And then he found that in the time it had taken to do so, he had been transported somehow to the back of the van and was now lying naked on the bed Shain sat beside him, tracing his delicate fingers over Charlie's hard, muscular body, lingering softly around his tits, coaxing them into hardness. Shain's opal eyes glittered in the lights from the star ship that pulsated through the front window of the van. Feathery shadows played across his breathtaking face.

The earthling had a sudden thought 'Somebody might come!"

"They will wait. . .and they will remember nothing."

"And me?"

"You will not forget."

Confidence and calm radiated out from Shain's mind into Charlie's. The handsome mouth smothered him with a warm, lingering kiss, the delicious lips parting and the stranger's hot, wet tongue slipping into Charlie's mouth Charlie shivered as Shain lay down on top of him. He reached up and wrapped his muscular arms tightly around the flawless body pressed hungrily against his own Charlie's hands wandered up and down the broad back, then down across the small, firm, rounded cheeks of Shain's ass. He heard a soft moan from deep inside Shain's mind, and he answered it with his voice and in his thoughts.

Charlie knew at once that he was in love with this alien creature. But how could it be?

Shain kissed him again, very softly this time. "Take love where you find it, friend," he offered

"But I didn't say—"

"There is no need for you to speak in words to me, Charlie. I know your thoughts before you voice them."

Charlie felt exposed and helpless suddenly. But the feeling was not at all unpleasant. He reached up and took hold of Shain's shoulder and maneuvered him over onto his back Shain did not resist He simply sighed through a smile that left Charlie feeling weak and at the same time impossibly strong

Charlie slid down and ran his tongue around Shain's fantastic tits. He traced a wet path down to the flat, hard, rippled belly and further down to the heavy, hairless balls. Shain's cock brushed against Charlie's face and Charlie ran his tongue up the long, ivory shaft to the fleshy tip, then lowered his mouth onto it. He let it slide down deep into his tight throat. He swallowed, massaging the swollen head with the muscles of his mouth.

A sudden rush of feeling from deep within Shain flooded through Charlie, and he was startled to realize that he was experiencing the other man's pleasure at the same instant that he experienced his own. The effect was overwhelming, and Charlie's head was spinning out of control. He felt himself sucking the blond stranger's beautiful cock, but his own meat felt as if it were being devoured at the same time.

Charlie's jaws ached from straining to open wide enough to take the alien's huge dick between his lips. It was thick and long with a huge, flaring head. Charlie licked the juice off the crown and spread it up and down the shaft. He massaged the immense balls in the palm of his hand

Shain squirmed on the small bed, as Charlie's hands roamed over the front of his body. "Flawless," Charlie thought, knowing that Shain would hear. He pulled off the cock and looked up into the magical opal eyes.

"Turn over, onto your belly," Charlie said aloud, because he wanted to.

Shain slowly rolled over and rested his face against the back of his hands. The air hissed through Charlie's teeth as he gazed down at the hard, molded cheeks of Shain's gorgeous ass. He ran his fingers over them lightly, timidly, as if he were afraid they would go away. They were too beautiful to be real

"You're so beautiful," Charlie murmured, then, I love you, he thought

The alien heard him and twisted his head around to look into Charlie's flushed face. Shain's kaleidoscope eyes flashed their colors from beneath long, black lashes. "Don't think it, Charlie, do it. Show me," Shain thought. "Take me."

Charlie moved up to lie on Shain's broad back, his swollen cock already moving in a slow fucking motion between the mounds of Shain's perfect ass. Charlie could feel the intense heat of the other man's body as he lowered his head to kiss

Continued to page 88

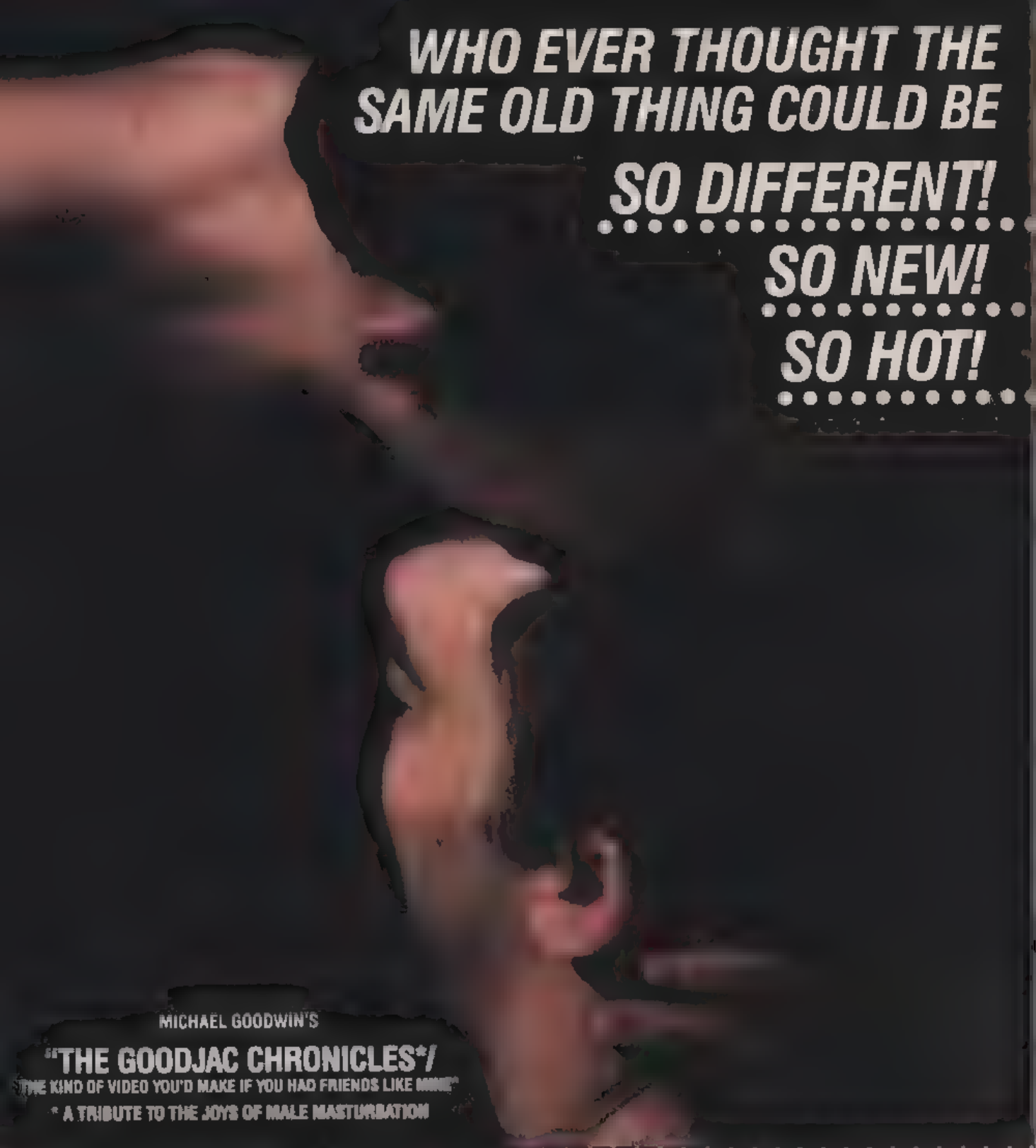
Like A Mighty Oak

This guy is solid from head to toe.

Section photographed by Kristen Bjorn

Like A Mighty Oak

He stands tall, proud, and hard!



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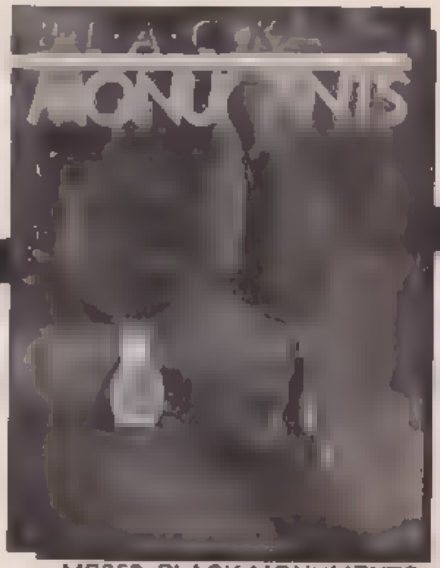

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Unearthly Encounter

Continued from page 76

the neck and shoulders beneath him with trembling lips. Shain tasted sweet, his fragrance was fresh and clean and natural.

Charlie reached down and guided the head of his cock to the opening in Shain's ass. Shain pressed back against him and, without strain, Charlie slipped inside all the way to the base of his shaft. Charlie's balls slapped against Shain's ass cheeks as his cock began to probe the depths of the alien's body. Again Charlie could feel what Shain was feeling, as if a cock were up his own ass at the same instant.

"Jesus! I feel like I'm gonna explode!" Charlie gasped between clenched teeth.

Shain laughed softly, from within, and began to move his slim hips up and down, tightening the grip of his ass on Charlie's cock. Charlie reached under Shain's body and wrapped his fingers around the alien's dick. It throbbed against his palm, the flesh hot to the touch.

Charlie pumped the tight little ass faster, harder. He moaned out loud and raised himself up onto his arms to look down and watch his cock plunging in and out of Shain's body. Feeling all of Shain's sensations at the same time he was feeling his own, Charlie felt like he was going to pass out. The steam of their sex was building to the explosion point.

Charlie eased his weight back down onto Shain and buried his face in the soft, blond hair. "God, I love you," he whispered into Shain's ear.

"I might love you, too," Shain answered in his thoughts, "if I could allow myself."

"Oh, God, Shain, *allow* yourself, *please* allow yourself!" Charlie pleaded. Then the blood began to pound in his temples. "Oh, Jesus, I'm gonna come!" The seething juices surged out of Charlie's cock and into Shain's insides. The flow went on and on. Then it stopped. Then "God damn! I'm coming again!" And mere seconds after coming the first time, the orgasm was repeated, even more intensely this time.

The alien squirmed beneath him. There was a resounding cry from deep within Shain's mind. Charlie knew that Shain had come at the same time. After a while, they came to rest.

"You gave me great pleasure, Charlie Walker," Shain thought, and was heard. "You are a beautiful man."

"Stay with me." Charlie's voice was desperate and pleading.

"No, my friend. You would never be able to forget that I am not one of your kind."

"It wouldn't matter. Please, Shain!"

Shain shook his blond head slowly. "You would always think of me as a freak." Shain's thought was firm and unyielding, yet the emotion beneath it was one of yearning.

Charlie's softening cock slipped from Shain's tight little ass. He rolled off and lay beside the stranger, staring at the unearthly beauty of this man who would not be his lover. Then Shain raised himself slightly and kissed Charlie as he'd never been kissed by another man before in his life. It was a wondrous kiss, but it was good-bye.

Charlie came to sitting behind the wheel of the van, now parked beside the highway. It was still raining and it was still dark and the colored lights were gone. The desert was empty.

He reached into the glove compartment and pulled out a cigarette. He was fully dressed again and wondered how Shain had managed that. But it didn't really matter. Somehow nothing did. His hands trembled as he lit the match. Tears pushed over the rims of his eyes and he fought them back.

After a while, Charlie started the truck and crept back out onto the highway and headed on toward the low, black hills in the distance. His headlights glared against the sheets of rain before him. "Jesus, I wish I had somebody to talk to," he said to the silence.

Just as he rounded a curve, his lights swept across a lone figure standing beside the road. Charlie pulled to a stop just past the hitchhiker and leaned over to open the passenger door. He watched through the rearview mirror as the guy ran toward the truck, holding his jacket over his head. He jumped into the seat and slammed the door.

"Thanks a lot, man. I was afraid I was gonna be stranded all night out here in the middle of no-goddamned-where!"

Charlie put the van in motion again. He had no interest in the stranger's small talk. He had decided he really didn't want anybody to talk to. "You're welcome," he managed with a low growl.

The guy took a cigarette pack from his wet jacket pocket and offered one to Charlie, who shook his head, his own still smoldering in the ashtray. "You from New Mexico?" the guy asked brightly, lighting and dragging on his cigarette.

"Nope," Charlie answered distantly, his mind on another time, another place, another universe perhaps.

The stranger grinned. "Me neither. To tell you the truth, this is my first time away from home."

Charlie turned to look more closely at the stranger. At the same moment the stranger turned to Charlie, whose breath suddenly caught in his throat—that face, that smile, those eyes! Could it be?

"Shain?"

"Name's Larry. What's yours?"

Charlie stammered out his name and then his voice trailed off into nothingness. He returned his eyes to the road, his heart pounding. "I'm losing my mind," he thought to himself.

"No you're not," he heard in his brain. And when he looked at Larry again the young man's opal eyes were sparkling. ■

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